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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

CONTAINING

HIS PLAYS AND POEMS;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL I.

LONDON:

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NEW YORK

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME FIRST,

CONTAINING

THE TEMPEST.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
AND
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The

TEMPEST.

Perſons repreſented.

Alonſo, *king of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful duke of* Milan.
Antonio, *his brother, the uſurping duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *ſon to the king of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old counſellor of* Naples.
Adrian, Franciſco, } *lords.*
Caliban, *a ſavage and deformed ſlave.*
Trinculo, *a jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
Maſter of a ſhip, Boatſwain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to* Proſpero.

Ariel, *an airy ſpirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *ſpirits.*

Other ſpirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, the ſea, with a ſhip; afterwards, an uninhabited iſland.

The TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a Ship at Sea.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a SHIP-MASTER, *and a* BOATSWAIN.

Mast. Boatſwain—

Boats. Here, maſter: what cheer?

Mast. Good: ſpeak to the mariners:—fall to't yarely, or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter MARINERS.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail; 'Tend to the maſter's whiſtle;—Blow, till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the ſea is.—Hence! What care theſe roarers for the name of king? To cabin: ſilence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent, we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-maſt; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main courſe. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreſon, inſolent noiſemaker! we are leſs afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes; off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter MARINERS *wet.*

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us aſſiſt them,
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chopp'd raſcal;—'Would, thou might'ſt lie drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him. [*A confuſed noiſe within.*]
Mercy on us!—We ſplit, we ſplit!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit—

Ant. Let's all ſink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The iſland: before the cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd

With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! a brave veſſel,
Who had no doubt ſome noble creatures in her,
Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd,
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or e'er
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Proſpero, maſter of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So;

[*Lays down his mantle.*

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no ſoul—
No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink. Sit down;

For thou muſt now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopp'd
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'ſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou can'ſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, ſir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that 'tended me?
Pro. Thou had'ſt, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and abyſm of time?
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve years ſince, Miranda, twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid—thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princeſs;—no worſe iſſued.

Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Pleaſe you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!—he whom, next thyſelf,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And Proſpero the prime duke; being ſo reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy,
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle—
Doſt thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To traſh for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd them,
Or elſe new-form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'ſt not;
I pray thee, mark me.

Mira. O good ſir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being ſo retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſhood, in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was the duke; out of the ſubſtitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Doſt hear?

Mira. Your tale, ſir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I ſhould ſin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad ſons.
Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premiſes,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpoſe, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon us; without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd

A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us,
To cry to the ſea that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To the winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me! Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mira. How came we aſhore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteaded much: ſo, of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. 'Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
Pro. Now I ariſe:—
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchoolmaſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, ſir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep; 'tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way;—I know thou can'ſt not chooſe.—
[*Miranda ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy ſtrong bidding, taſk
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ſhip; now on the beak,
Now in the waiſt, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
The yards and bowſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precurſors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty Neptune
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.

Pro. My brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil
Would not infect his reaſon?

Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, Ferdinand,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, ſafe?

Ari. Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before: and, as thou bad'ſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:
The king's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ſhip,
The mariners, ſay, how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes, there ſhe's hid:
The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o' the fleet,
Which I diſpers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound ſadly home for Naples;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the king's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.

Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: The time 'twixt ſix and now,
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'ſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt
It much, to tread the ooze of the ſalt deep;

To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.

Ari. I do not, ſir.

Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant thing! Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

Ari. No, ſir.

Pro. Thou haſt: Where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd; for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, ſir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors: Thou, my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, waſt then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe died,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike: Then was this iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with

A human ſhape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her ſon.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter:
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſpriting gently.

Pro. Do ſo; and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble maſter!
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' the ſea;
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go, take this ſhape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence. [*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake!

Mira. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll viſit Caliban, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

MIRA. 'Tis a villain, ſir,
I do not love to look on.

PRO. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! ſlave, Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.

CAL. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

PRO. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoiſe! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

PRO. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

CAL. As wicked dew as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!

PRO. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made them.

CAL. I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,
Thou ſtrok'ſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,

That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' the iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Curſed be I that did ſo!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Which firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of the iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'wou'd it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me; I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred ſlave;
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'ſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, th' wert beſt,
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, 'pray thee!—
I muſt obey: his art is of ſuch power, [*Aſide.*
It would control my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vaſſal of him.

PRO. So, ſlave; hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *inviſible, playing and ſinging;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL's Song.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,
(The wild waves whiſt)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, ſweet ſprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
BUR. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
BUR. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
Hark, hark! I bear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

FER. Where ſhould this muſick be? i' the air, or the earth?
It ſounds no more:—and ſure, it waits upon
Some god of the iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,

With its ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL ſings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

[*Burden*, ding-dong.

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

PRO. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond'.

MIRA. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, ſir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a ſpirit.

PRO. No, wench; it eats and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch: This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck; and but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.

MIRA. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.

PRO. It goes on, [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it:—Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!—Vouchſafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?
Mira. No wonder, ſir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How! the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er ſince at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the firſt ſight [*Aſide.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll ſet thee free for this!—A word, good ſir;
I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong: a word.
Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, ſir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers; but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning [*Aſide.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not; and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.— [*To Ferd.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy ſword up, traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhow, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beſeech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and Caliban: Fooliſh wench!
To the moſt of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble; I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on; obey: [*To Ferd.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' the earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To Ferd. and Mira.*
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. [*To Ariel.*
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, ſir,
Than he appears by ſpeech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the ſyllable.

Pro. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the iſland.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beſeech you, ſir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preſervation, few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The viſitor will not give him o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One:——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a ſpendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miſs it.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No; he doth but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almoſt beyond credit,)——

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs, and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, ſir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I aſſure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beſeech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, ſir, my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe: 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too,
Who is ſo far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an African;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam ſhe'd bow. We have loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the deareſt of the loſs.

Gon. My lord Sebaſtian,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good ſir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this iſle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd ſow it with nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;

Letters ſhould not be known; no uſe of ſervice,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succeſſions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majeſty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And do you mark me, ſir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel *inviſible, playing ſolemn muſick.*

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly. Will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

[*All ſleep but* Alon. Seb. *and* Ant.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep! I wiſh mine eyes
Would, with themſelves, ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclined to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you, ſir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.—

[*Alonso ſleeps. Exit* Ariel.

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

Ant. Nor I; my ſpirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by conſent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might
Worthy Sebaſtian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,

What thou ſhould'ſt be: the occaſion ſpeaks thee; and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?

Seb. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving,
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.

Ant. Noble Sebaſtian,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep—die rather; wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.

Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am ſtanding water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do ſo: to ebb,
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or ſloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, ſay on:
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throws thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, ſir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion only,)
The king, his ſon's alive; 'tis as impoſſible
That he's undrown'd, as he that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from Naples
Can have no note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' the moon's too ſlow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom
We were all ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt again;
And, by that, deſtin'd to perform an act,
Whereof what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuff is this?—How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is ſhe heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace whoſe every cubit

Seems to cry out, *How ſhall that Claribel*
Meaſure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebaſtian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them; why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that ſleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myſelf could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother Proſpero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conſcience—

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper; But I feel not
This deity in my boſom: twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, ere they moleſt! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morſel, this ſir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,

They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ſt Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy ſword: one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the king ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They converſe apart.*

Muſick. Re-enter Ariel *inviſible.*

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That theſe, his friends, are in; and ſends me forth,
(For elſe his project dies,) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *ear.*

While you here do ſnoring lie,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preſerve the king! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Even now, we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It ſtruck mine ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake! ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, ſir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn:—there was a noiſe,
That's verity: 'Beſt ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
For my poor ſon. [ſearch

Gon. Heaven's keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' the iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Proſpero my lord ſhall know what I have done:
[*Aſide.*
So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another part of the iſland.
Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*
A noiſe of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount

Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' the wind: yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fiſh? Dead or alive? A fiſh: he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the neweſt, Poor-John. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fiſh painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows: I will here ſhroud, till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter STEPHANO, *ſinging; a bottle in his hand.*

STE. I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,
Here ſhall I dye a-ſhore;—

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch:
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me: O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with ſavages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while Stephano breathes at noſtrils.

CAL. The ſpirit torments me: O!

STE. This is ſome monſter of the iſle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a preſent for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CAL. Do not torment me, pry'thee;
I'll bring my wood home faſter.

STE. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt. He ſhall taſte of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if

I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Proſper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: It ſhould be—But he is drown'd; and theſe are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! His forward voice now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,——Amen! I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beeſt Stephano, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beeſt Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, theſe are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: —But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now,

thou art not drown'd. Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprites. That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Trin. Swam a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book: Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O Stephano, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do aſſure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her, and I do adore thee: My miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, thy dog, and buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow mon-

ſter:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monſter:—The man i' the moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter:—Well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew the every fertile inch o' the iſland;
And kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter; A moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. —but that the poor monſter's in drink: An abominable monſter! [berries;

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-mells from the rock; Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. *Farewell maſter; farewell, farewell.* [*Sings drunkenly.*

TRIN. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

CAL. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencbering, nor waſh diſh;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new maſter—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-dey! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

STE. O brave monſter! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

FER. There be ſome ſports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction: My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labours;
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a diſtance.*

MIRA. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would, the lightning had

Burnt up thoſe logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

FER. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet, before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

MIRA. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

MIRA. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours againſt.

PRO. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.

MIRA. You look wearily.

FER. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly, that I might ſet it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

MIRA. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your heſt to ſay ſo!

FER. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.

Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glaſs, mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am ſkill-leſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my ſoul ſpeak;—
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice; there reſides,
To make me ſlave to it; and, for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is bodded me, to miſchief! I,

Beyond all limit of what elſe i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My huſband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand. [well,
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now fare-
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thouſand! thouſand! [*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*
Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Another part of the iſland.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board'em: Servant-monſter, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monſter? the folly of this iſland! They ſay, there's but five upon this iſle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me: I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe: I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable: Why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again the ſuit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, inviſible.

Cal. As I told thee
Before, I am ſubject to a tyrant;
A ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of the iſland.

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To Caliban.*] Proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'ſt;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſs'd? Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? Thou ſcurvy patch!—
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine; for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay, he lied?

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take thou that. [*ſtrikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep: there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am, nor hath not

One ſpirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them,)
Which, when he has a houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth Sycorax,
As greateſt does leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be vice-roys:—Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: Come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhow thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou beeſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
Where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I would, I could ſee this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another part of the iſland.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r la'kin, I can go no further, Sir;

My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
[*Aſide to Sebastian.*
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they are freſh.

Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Prospero *above, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick! [theſe?

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,
(For, certes, theſe are people of the iſland,)
Who, though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.

Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent,
Are worſe than devils. [*Aſide.*

Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

Pro. Praiſe in departing.

Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. No matter, ſince [machs.—
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſto-
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, ſir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at them
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,

Although my laſt: no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this iſland
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their ſwords*
And even with ſuch like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow miniſters
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you,) that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero;
Expos'd unto the ſea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: Thee, of thy ſon, Alonſo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once,) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend

You, and your ways; whoſe wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this moſt deſolate iſle, elſe falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carry out the table.

PRO. [*Aſide.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo, with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done: my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young Ferdinand (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

GON. I' the name of ſomething holy, ſir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

ALON. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper; it did baſs my treſpaſs.
Therefore my ſon i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANT. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

GON. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon given to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits :—I do beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtacy
May now provoke them to.

ADRI. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA.

PRO. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

FER. I do believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

PRO. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou doſt break her virgin knot before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore, take heed,

As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt oppórtune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer Genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think, or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place;
Incite them to quick motion; for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *So, ſo;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, maſter? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, ſir;
The white-cold virgin ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*Soft muſick.*

A Maſque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which ſpungy April at thy heſt betrims, [groves,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy broom
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed bachelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy ſea-marge, ſteril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyſelf do'ſt air; The queen o' the ſky,
Whoſe watery arch, and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her ſovereign grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey-drops, refreſhing ſhowers;

And with each end of thy blue bow doſt crown
My boſky acres, and my unſhrubb'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her ſon, as thou doſt know,
Do now attend the queen? ſince they did plot
The means, that duſky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-rite ſhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Higheſt queen of ſtate,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me,
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſperous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

S O N G.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,
Long continuance, and increaſing,

Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno ſings her bleſſings on you.

CER. *Earth's increaſe, and foiſon plenty;*
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity, and want, ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' bleſſing ſo is on you.

FER. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

PRO. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradiſe.

[*JUNO and CERES whiſper, and ſend IRIS on employment.*]

PRO. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and Ceres whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and on this green land
Anſwer your ſummons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;

Make holy-day: your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confuſed noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

PRO. [*aſide.*] I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confederates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot [no more.
Is almoſt come.—[*To the ſpirits.*] Well done;—avoid;—

FER. This is moſt ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

MIRA. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

PRO. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, ſir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled.
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I preſented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, ſir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go, bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with gliſtering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL *remain inviſible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

CAL. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STE. Monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

TRIN. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my noſe is in great indignation.

STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you,—

TRIN. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,—

STE. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

STE. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker. [thoughts.

STE. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody

TRIN. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy

Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

Trin. O, ho, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter.—Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't: we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in ſhape of

hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL ſetting them on.

PRO. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

ARI. Silver! there it goes, *Silver!*

PRO. Fury, Fury! there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!

[*CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar.

PRO. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the Cell of PROSPERO.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magick robes, and ARIEL.

PRO. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARI. On the ſixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

PRO. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king and his?

ARI. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them; all priſoners, ſir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;

They cannot budge, till your releaſe. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow, and diſmay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, ſir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ari. Mine would, ſir, were I human.

Pro. And mine ſhall.

Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, releaſe them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, ſir, [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes and groves;
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green-ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid

(Weak maſters though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their ſleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantick geſture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there ſtand charmed; which* PROSPERO *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reaſon.—O my good Gonzalo,

My true preſerver, and a loyal ſir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, Alonſo, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.—Fleſh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature; who, with Sebaſtian,
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent,
As I was ſometime Milan:—quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, ſinging, and helps to attire PROSPERO.

ARI. Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſummer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

PRO. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom: ſo, ſo, ſo.—
To the king's ſhip, inviſible as thou art:
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And preſently, I pr'ythee.

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PRO. Behold, ſir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Proſpero:
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALON. Whe'r thou beeſt he, or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and, ſince I ſaw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me: this muſt crave
(And if this be at all,) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy dukedom I reſign; and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how ſhould Proſpero
Be living, and be here?

PRO. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

GON. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

PRO. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' the iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
[*Aſide to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highneſs' frown upon you,

And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him. [*Aſide.*

Pro. No:—
For you, moſt wicked ſir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alon. If thou beeſt Proſpero,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation:
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt,
How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear ſon Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, ſir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, portable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wiſh
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe lords

At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am Proſpero, and that very duke
Which was thruſt forth of Milan; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, ſir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and diſcovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at cheſs.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No, my deareſt love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms, you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle!

Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cauſe. [*Ferd. kneels to* ALON.

Alon. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!

Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her, when I could not aſk my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs!
Pro. There, ſir, ſtop;
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I ſay, amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thruſt from Milan, that his iſſue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy; and ſet it down
With gold on laſting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her huſband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; Proſpero his dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands: [*To Fer. and Mir.*
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!

Gon. Be't ſo! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.

O look, ſir, look, ſir; here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ſhip,—
Which, but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went. [*Aſide.*
Pro. My trickſy ſpirit!

Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, ſir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead of ſleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,

And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraitway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

ARI. Was't well done? } [*Aſide.*
PRO. Bravely, my diligence. Thou ſhalt be free. }

ALON. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of: ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

PRO. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pick'd leiſure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll reſolve you
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable,) of every
Theſe happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, ſpirit;
[*Aſide.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious ſir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their ſtolen apparel.*

STE. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monſter, Coragio!

TRIN. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

CAL. O Setebos, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!

How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true:—This miſ-ſhapen knave,——
His mother was a witch; and one ſo ſtrong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a baſtard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know, and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where ſhould they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pro. You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah?
Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.
Alon. This is as ſtrange a thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to* Caliban.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,

As in his ſhape:—Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it, rather. [*Exeunt Cal. Ste. and Trin.*

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to Naples,
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptial
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aſide.*] Pleaſe you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland, by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.

The two

GENTLEMEN

of

VERONA.

Perſons repreſented.

Duke of Milan, *father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
Proteus, }
Antonio, *father to* Proteus.
Thurio, *a fooliſh rival to* Valentine.
Eglamour, *agent for* Silvia *in her eſcape.*
Speed, *a clowniſh ſervant to* Valentine.
Launce, *ſervant to* Proteus.
Panthino, *ſervant to* Antonio.
Hoſt, where Julia *lodges in* Milan.
Out-laws.

Julia, *a lady of* Verona, *beloved by* Proteus.
Silvia, *the duke's daughter, beloved by* Valentine.
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, muſicians.

SCENE, ſometimes in Verona; *ſometimes in* Milan; *and on the frontiers of* Mantua.

The two GENTLEMEN *of* VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

VAL. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,

For I will be thy beed's-man, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.
Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont.
Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwam the Helleſpont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be
In love, where ſcorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.
Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.
Val. Love is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.
Pro. Yet writers ſay, As in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells, ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
Val. And writers ſay, As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,

Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy ſucceſs in love, and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend;
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewell!

[*Exit* VALENTINE.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, ſave you: Saw you my maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is ſhipp'd already;
And I have play'd the ſheep, in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An' if the ſhepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude, that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me: therefore, I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follow the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, ſir: I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and ſhe, a laced mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch a ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that your aſtray; 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe? did ſhe nod? [*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, ſir; I ſay, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſay, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, ſir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, ſir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, ſir, here is for your pains: What ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, ſir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as—*take this for thy pains.* To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourſelf: and ſo, ſir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. Garden of JULIA'S *houſe.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But ſay, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-ſpoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him beſt.

Jul. Your reaſon?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.

Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.

Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhows his love but ſmall.

Luc. Fire, that is cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhow their love.
Luc. O, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.
Jul. *To Julia,*—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee? [teus:
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and ſent, I think, from Pro-
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, ſee it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a ſhame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt:
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did'ſt thou ſtoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.

Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyſhip can ſet.

Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*

Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.

Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for Proteus.
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation!— [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
O hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps! to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind Julia;*—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus:*—
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that ſome whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, paſſionate Proteus,
To the ſweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father ſtays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Room in ANTONIO'S *Houſe.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what ſad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your ſon.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home;
While other men, of ſlender reputation,
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,

He ſaid, that Proteus, your ſon, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to impórtune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

Pant. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well. [thither:

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him
There ſhall he practice tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, Don Alphonſo,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them ſhall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
O heavenly Julia!

ANT. How now? what letter are you reading there?

PRO. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

ANT. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANT. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

PRO. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

ANT. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

PRO. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you, deliberate a day or two.

ANT. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.—
Come on, Panthino; you ſhall be employ'd

To haſten on his expedition. [*Exeunt. ANT. and PANT.*

PRO. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father Julia's letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
O, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

PANT. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.

PRO. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. MILAN. An Apartment in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

SPEED. Sir, your glove.

VAL. Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

VAL. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

SPEED. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

VAL. How now, ſirrah?

SPEED. She is not within hearing, ſir.

VAL. Why, ſir, who bade you call her?

SPEED. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtook.

VAL. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to, ſir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks: Firſt, you have learn'd, like ſir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a Robin-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerved that? even ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, ſir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, ſir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteemeſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deformed.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deformed?

Speed. Ever ſince you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, ſir; I was in love with my bed: I thank

you, you ſwinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet; ſo, your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aſide.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt, and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No, madam, ſo it ſtead you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much;
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aſide.*

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, ſir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit* Silvia.

Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write
the letter? [yourſelf?

Val. How now, ſir? what are you reaſoning with

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the
[reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokeſman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe, when ſhe made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.—
All this I ſpeak in print; for in print I found it.—
Why muſe you, ſir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, ſir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſhed by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Verona. A Room in Julia's Houſe.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's ſake. [*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you
Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs. [this.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, Julia, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould: [*Exit Julia.*
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are ſtaid for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A ſtreet.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with ſir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the ſoureſt-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of

it: This ſhoe is my father;—no, this left ſhoe is my father;—no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be ſo neither;—yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: This ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, ſir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lily, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo. Now come I to my father; *Father, your bleſſing;* now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that ſhe could ſpeak now!) like a wood woman;—well, I kiſs her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipped, and thou art to poſt after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you will loſe the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUN. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt; for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

PAN. What's the unkindeſt tide?

LAUN. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and, in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and, in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and, in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and, in loſing thy ſervice,—Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

LAUN. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pan. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Loſe the tide, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice? The tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dareſt.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Milan. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Miſtreſs?

Speed. Maſter, ſir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtanceof the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, ſir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, ſir.

Thu. Ay, ſir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, ſir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Yourſelf, ſweet lady; for you gave the fire: ſir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, ſir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my [father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beſet.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.

DUKE. Hath he not a ſon?

VAL. Ay, my good lord; a ſon, that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

DUKE. You know him well?

VAL. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath ſir Proteous, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE. Beſhrew me, ſir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, ſir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

VAL. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

DUKE. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, ſir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit. DUKE.*

VAL. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs

Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, Thurio, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.

Val. Miſtreſs, it is; ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.

Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.

Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.

Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.

Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.

Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthleſs.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure. [*Exit* SERVANT.
Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much com-
Val. And how do yours? [mended.
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?
Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſes.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my miſtreſs.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.
Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs,
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower,
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardiſm is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me dote upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after,
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.
Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I muſt climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will.— [*Exit Val.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praiſe,
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reaſon's light;

But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. The ſame. A ſtreet.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

SPEED. Launce! by mine honeſty, welcome to Milan.

LAUN. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

SPEED. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam Julia?

LAUN. Marry, after they cloſed in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

SPEED. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

LAUN. No.

SPEED. How then? Shall he marry her?

LAUN. No, neither.

SPEED. What, are they broken?

LAUN. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

SPEED. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

LAUN. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

SPEED. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

LAUN. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff underſtands me.

SPEED. What thou ſay'ſt?

LAUN. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand under and underſtand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo. But, Launce, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtakeſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Chriſtian; Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. The ſame. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Protеus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair Silvia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Love bade me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet-ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Julia I loſe, and Valentine I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf;
If I loſe them, thus find I by their loſs,
For Valentine, myſelf; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill more precious than itſelf:
And Silvia, witneſs heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myſelf in counſel, his competitor:
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh Valentine;

For Thurio, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. Verona. *A Room in* JULIA'S *Houſe.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counſel, Lucetta; gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as ſir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.

Jul. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,

Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſic with the enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtic may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhow to be.

Luc. What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, Lucetta.

Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hoſe, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have

What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the leaſt, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.

Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove ſo, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not, but to it preſently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *An Anti-room in the* DUKE's *Palace.*
Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.—— [*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, ſir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter;
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

DUKE. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,

And ſo, unworthily, diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently;
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; ſir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.

'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, ſir Thurio, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of her's,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.
Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady, ſir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.
Val. A woman ſometime ſcorns what beſt contents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, *get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, *away!*
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.

Val. When would you uſe it? pray, ſir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeven o'clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this ſame? What's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
O, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them;
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſs'd them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervant's fortune:
I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their lord ſhould be.

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchiſe thee:

'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' ſon,)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyſelf.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.

[*Exit* DUKE.

VAL. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And Silvia is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unleſs it be, to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
LAUN. So-ho! ſo-ho!

Pro. What ſeeſt thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his ſpirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?

Pro. Whom would'ſt thou ſtrike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are ſtopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſs'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine,
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for ſacred Silvia!—
Hath ſhe forſworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forſworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.

Pro. That thou art baniſhed, O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am baniſhed?

Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,

(Which, unrevers'd, ſtands in effectual force,)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou can'ſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt Silvia, though not for thyſelf,

Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou ſeeſt my boy, Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, ſirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapleſs Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips: yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel,—which is much in a bare chriſtian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horſe can do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is ſhe better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, ſignior Launce? what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lieſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and ſaint Nicholas be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—Bleſſing o' your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can ſew.*

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, Can ſhe ſo?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock.

Speed. Item, *She can waſh and ſcour.*

Laun. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not be waſhed and ſcoured.

Speed. Item, *She can ſpin.*

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, baſtard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiſſed faſting, in reſpect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: Read on.

SPEED. Item, *She hath a ſweet mouth.*

LAUN. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

SPEED. Item, *She doth talk in her ſleep.*

LAUN. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

SPEED. Item, *She is ſlow in words.*

LAUN. O villain, that ſet this down among her vices! To be ſlow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED. Item, *She is proud.*

LAUN. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

LAUN. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

SPEED. Item, *She is curſt.*

LAUN. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED. Item, *She will often praiſe her liquor.*

LAUN. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

SPEED. Item, *She is too liberal.*

LAUN. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'll keep ſhut: now of another thing ſhe may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

LAUN. Stop there; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt article: Rehearſe that once more.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

LAUN. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more

than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs,*—

Laun. That's monſtrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke *and* Thurio; Protеus *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now Valentine is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs Valentine ſhall be forgot.—
How now, ſir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievouſly.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not ſo.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And alſo, I think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſévers ſo.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love ſir Thurio?

Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander Valentine
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that ſhe will love ſir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Becauſe we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, ſir Thurio, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poeſy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears

Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:—
For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poet's ſinews;
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This diſcipline ſhows thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, ſweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick:
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, till after ſupper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Foreſt, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, ſir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! theſe are the villains
That all the travellers do fear ſo much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That's not ſo, ſir; we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity:
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?
Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo:
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.
3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: ſirs, a word.

Speed. Maſter, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:
Myſelf was from Verona baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives,)
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape; and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderneſs?

3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dieſt.

2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to Valentine,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes Thurio: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſic to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, ſir Proteus? are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but, I hope, ſir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Host, at a diſtance; and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young gueſt! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Host. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick. [*Muſick plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is ſhe,
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heavens ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us ſing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? How do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in muſick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the muſick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this ſir Proteus, that we talk on, often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to ſeek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

Jul. Peace! ſtand aſide; the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At ſaint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THURIO *and Muſicians*,
SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,—
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried. [*Aſide.*

Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;

Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aſide.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be ſo obdúrate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am. [*Aſide.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, ſir;
But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; *and* SILVIA, *from above.*

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies ſir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my houſe: Truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

SIL. Who calls?

EGL. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.

SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thouſand times good-morrow.

EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf.
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

SIL. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not,)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd.
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whoſe grave thou vowd'ſt pure chaſtity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me;

If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?
Sil. This evening coming.
Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good-morrow, kind ſir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The ſame.

Enter Launce, *with his dog.*

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſaved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs Silvia, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge. He thruſts

me himſelf into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. *Out with the dog*, ſays one; *What cur is that?* ſays another; *Whip him out*, ſays the third; *Hang him up*, ſays the duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant? Nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtolen, otherwiſe he had been executed: I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't: thou think'ſt not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you ſerved me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? When didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreſon peaſant? [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, ſir, I carry'd miſtreſs Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, ſir; the other ſquirrel was ſtolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay; Stay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit* Launce.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,
For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not,)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems, you lov'd her not, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike,

Pro. Not ſo; I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why doſt thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chooſe but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary. [*Exit* Protеus.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou haſt entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do entreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my maſter, ſir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he ſends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this ſhadow.

Jul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this letter.——.
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:
I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.

Sil. The more ſhame for him that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his Julia ſo much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Doſt thou know her?

Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf:
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.

Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks that Proteus hath forſook her.
Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Jul. About my ſtature: for, at Pentecoſt,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgement,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know ſhe is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury, and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!
Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!—
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewell. [*Exit* Silvia.

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture: Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs; and ſo are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhipp'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by Jove I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The ſame. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;

And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where ſhe comes: Lady, a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.

Egl. Fear not: the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. An Apartment in the DUKE's *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what ſays Silvia to my ſuit?

Pro. O, ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?

Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aſide.*

Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aſide.*

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?

Pro. O, ſir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice. [*Aſide.*

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aſide.*

Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould owe them. [*Aſide.*

Pro. That they are out by leaſe.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, ſir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you ſaw ſir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then ſhe's fled unto that peaſant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At Patrick's cell this even; and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckleſs Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Frontiers of Mantua. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Silvia, *and* Out-laws.

1. *Out.* Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyſes, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy preſence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain!—
What halloing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aſide.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice I have done for you,
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſervant doth,)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I ſee and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*

Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence.
[*Aſide.*

Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,

Rather than have falſe Proteus reſcue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be,)
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou had'ſt two,
And that's far worſe than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For ſuch is a friend now,) treacherous man!

Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me: Now I dare not ſay
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? Proteus,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt: O time, moſt curſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt:—
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me ſee:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, ſir, I have miſtook;

This is the ring you ſent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herſelf did give it me;
And Julia herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds,

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error [man
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins;
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in Julia's with a conſtant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.

Pro. Bear witneſs, heaven, I have my wiſh for ever.

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio give back, or elſe embrace thy death;
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan ſhall not behold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe,—ſir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;

Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

DUKE. I think the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

VAL. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

DUKE. What mean you by that ſaying?

VAL. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs. [*Exeunt.*

The

MERRY WIVES

of

WINDSOR.

Perſons repreſented.

Sir John Falſtaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a country Juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to* Shallow.
Mr. Ford, } *two gentlemen dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Page, }
William Page, *a boy, ſon to* Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a French phyſician.*
Hoſt of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *followers of* Falſtaff.
Nym, }
Robin, *page to* Falſtaff.
Simple, *ſervant to* Slender.
Rugby, *ſervant to* Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, *her daughter, in love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *ſervant to* Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, Windſor; *and the parts adjacent.*

The MERRY WIVES *of* WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windſor. *Before* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Juſtice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

SHAL. Sir Hugh, perſuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty ſir John Falſtaffs, he ſhall not abuſe Robert Shallow, Eſquire.

SLEN. In the county of Gloſter, juſtice of peace, and *coram.*

SHAL. Ay, couſin Slender, and *Cuſt-alorum.*

SLEN. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon; who writes himſelf *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

SHAL. Ay, that we do; and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

SLEN. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have done't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

SHAL. It is an old coat.

EVA. The dozen white louſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant: it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh fiſh; the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures: but that is all one: If ſir John Falſtaff have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The Council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diſcretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to maſter George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne Page? She has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery verſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandfire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections!) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter Abraham, and miſtreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandſire leave her ſeven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt maſter Page: Is Falſtaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or, as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The knight, ſir John, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for maſter Page. What, hoa! Got pleſs your houſe here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and juſtice Shallow: and here young maſter Slender; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well: I thank you for my veniſon, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Maſter Page, I am glad to ſee you; Much good do it your good heart! I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good miſtreſs Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on Cotſale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, ſir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, ſir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more ſaid? he is good, and fair.—Is ſir John Falſtaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes ſir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, maſter Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtraight;—I have done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counſel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, ſir John; good worts,

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, ſir, I have matter in my head againſt

you; and againſt your coney-catching raſcals, Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephoſtophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay! *pauca, pauca;* ſlice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us underſtand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand: that is—maſter Page, *fidelicet*, maſter Page; and there is myſelf, *fidelicet*, myſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine hoſt of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol,——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick Mr. Slender's purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe,) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two Edward ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a piece of Yead Miller, by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Piſtol?

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and maſter mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and ſcum, thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd, ſir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, ſir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, ſir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſs'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page with wine; Miſtreſs Ford and Miſtreſs Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is miſtreſs Anne Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs Ford?

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome:——Come,

we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exeunt all but* SHAL. SLENDER *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here;—Do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, ſir, you ſhall find me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, ſir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, maſter Slender: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my couſin Shallow ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, ſir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to miſtreſs Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her, upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us com-

mand to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—Therefore, preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, ſir,—I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, ſir, at your requeſt; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a fery diſcretion anſwer; ſave, the faul' is in the 'ort diſſolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs Anne:—Would I were young, for your ſake, Mrs. Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhips' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs Anne.

Eva. Od's pleſſed will! I will not be abſence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Sir H. Evans.*

Anne. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, ſir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, ſir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth:—Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my couſin Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worſhip: they will not ſit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, ſir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin the other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, ſir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well; but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, ſir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have ſeen Sackerſon looſe, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cried

and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſs'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle maſter Slender, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen I'll eat nothing; I thank you, ſir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chooſe, ſir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, ſir.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, ſir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, ſir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome: you do yourſelf wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The ſame.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of Doctor Caius' houſe, which is the way: and there dwells one miſtreſs Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, ſir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with miſtreſs Anne Page; and the letter is, to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine hoſt of the Garter,—

Host. What ſays my bully-rook? Speak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Host. Diſcard, bully Hercules; caſhier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæſar, Keiſar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap: ſaid I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Host. I have ſpoke; let him follow: Let me ſee thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered ſervingman, a freſh tapſter: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſired; I will thrive. [*Exit* BARD.

Pist. O baſe Gongarian wight! wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am ſo acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Pist. Convey, the wiſe it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, ſirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I muſt coney-catch; I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Piſtol; Indeed I am in the waiſt two yards about: but I am now about no waſte; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtyle; and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be Engliſhed rightly, is, *I am ſir John Falſtaff's.*

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her well; out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe; ſhe hath legions of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious eyliads: ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch

a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs! Here's another letter to her: ſhe bears the purſe too; ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they ſhall be exchequers to me; they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs Page; and thou this to miſtreſs Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I ſir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, ſirrah, [*to Rob.*] bear you theſe letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myſelf, and ſkirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Teſter, I'll have in pouch, when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar!

Pist. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford ſhall eke unfold,
How Falſtaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool: I will incenſe Page to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Dr. Caius's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of God's patience, and the king's Engliſh.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that paſs. Peter Simple, you ſay your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And maſter Slender's your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quick. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How ſay you?—O, I ſhould remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven ſend Anne Page no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon Evans, I will do what I can for your maſter: Anne is a good girl, and I wiſh—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quick. We ſhall all be ſhent: Run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet. [*Shuts* Simple *in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I ſay!—Go, John, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a,* &c. [*ſings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like deſe toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himſelf: if he had found the young man; he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. Fe, fe fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, ſir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *Depeche,* quickly;—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, ſir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby:

Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, ſir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my cloſet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* Simple *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Verefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. Vat ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quick. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parſon Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs Anne Page for my maſter, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh ſend-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me ſome paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy;—But notwithſtanding, man, I'll do your maſter what good I can: and the very yea and the

no is, the French Doctor, my maſter,—I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe; and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myſelf;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs Anne Page: but notwithſtanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quick. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I ſhall have Anne Page for myſelf?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myſelf have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I ſhall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You ſhall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windſor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how doſt thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs Anne?

Quick. In truth, ſir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praiſe heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkeſt thou? Shall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quick. Troth, ſir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding, maſter Fenton, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you:—Have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is ſuch another Nan;—but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholy and muſing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worſhip.—Truly, an honeſt gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's

mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Before Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'ſcaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee: [*reads.*

Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; Ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; Would you deſire better ſympathy? Let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, (at the leaſt, if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice,) that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight, John Falſtaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What ſhould I ſay to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down

of men. How ſhall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Miſtreſs FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page! truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. Page. And, truſt me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhow to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhow you to the contrary: O, miſtreſs Page, give me ſome counſel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?——diſpenſe with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!——Theſe knights will hack; and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; And yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty: and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green ſleeves*. What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale,

with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? How ſhall I be revenged on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names, (ſure more,) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a gianteſs, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villainy againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our ho-

neſty. O, that my huſband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealouſy, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſy knight: Come hither. [*they retire.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in ſome affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, ſir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Acteon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, ſir?

Pist. The horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds do ſing.—
Away, ſir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he ſpeaks ſenſe. [*Exit Pistol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My

name is corporal Nym; I ſpeak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falſtaff loves your wife. —Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM.

PAGE. *The humour of it*, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

FORD. I will ſeek out Falſtaff.

PAGE. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

FORD. If I do find it, well.

PAGE. I will not believe ſuch a Cataian, though the prieſt o' the town commended him for a true man.

FORD. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: Well.

PAGE. How now, Meg?

MRS. PAGE. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

MRS. FORD. How now, ſweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

FORD. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.— Get you home, go.

MRS. FORD. 'Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, miſtreſs Page?

MRS. PAGE. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paltry knight. [*Aſide to Mrs.* FORD.

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

MRS. FORD. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhe'll fit it.

MRS. PAGE. You are come to ſee my daughter Anne?

QUICK. Ay, forſooth; And, I pray, how does good miſtreſs Anne?

MRS. PAGE. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

PAGE. How now, maſter Ford?

FORD. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily.—How now, mine hoſt?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine hoſt, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good maſter Page! Maſter Page, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-juſtice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welſh prieſt, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine hoſt o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What ſay'ſt thou, bully-rook? [*They go aſide.*

Shal. Will you [*to* Page] go with us to behold it? My merry hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Host. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jeſt.

Host. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs: ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good ſkill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, ſir, I could have told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a ſecure fool, and ſtands ſo firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily: She was in his company at Page's houſe; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a diſguiſe to ſound Falſtaff: If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

FAL. I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST. Why, then the world's mine oyſter,
Which I with ſword will open.—
I will retort the ſum in equipage.

FAL. Not a penny. I have been content, ſir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows: and when miſtreſs Bridget loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

PIST. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

FAL. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: Think'ſt thou, I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A ſhort knife and a throng;—to your manor of Pickthatch, go.—— You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you ſtand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enſconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

PIST. I do relent; What would'ſt thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be ſworn; as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman; and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one miſtreſs Ford, ſir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myſelf dwell with maſter doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Miſtreſs Ford, you ſay,——

Quick. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they ſo? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fal. Well: miſtreſs Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, ſir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worſhip's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford;—come, miſtreſs Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windſor, could never have brought her to ſuch a cana-

ry. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; ſmelling ſo ſweetly, (all muſk,) and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold; and in ſuch alligant terms; and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay,) but in the way of honeſty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe Mercury.

Quick. Marry, ſhe hath received your letter; for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times: and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of;—maſter Ford, her huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealouſy man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſs Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening pray-

er, as any is in Windſor, whoe'er be the other: and ſhe bade me tell your worſhip, that her huſband is ſeldom from home; but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo dote upon a man; ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quick. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jeſt, indeed!—they have not ſo little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But miſtreſs Page would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves; her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, maſter Page is an honeſt man. Never a wife in Windſor leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windſor, ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do ſo then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any caſe, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purſe; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news diſtracts me.

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more ſails; purſue, up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!
[*Exit Pistol.*

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them ſay, 'tis groſsly done; ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one maſter Brook below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, ſir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow ſuch liquor. Ah! ha! miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page, have I encompaſs'd you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph with Ford diſguiſed.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir.

Fal. And you, ſir: Would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good maſter Brook, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good ſir John, I ſue for yours: not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in

better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good ſoldier, ſir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, ſir John, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, ſir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter Brook; I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar,—I will be brief with you;——and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good ſir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own; that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier, ſith you yourſelf know, how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well, ſir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her huſband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, ſir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her; followed her with a doting obſervance; engroſs'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every ſlight occaſion, that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath

purſued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel: that I have purchaſed at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to ſay this:

Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

FAL. Have you received no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

FORD. Never.

FAL. Have you importuned her to ſuch a purpoſe?

FORD. Never.

FAL. Of what quality was your love then?

FORD. Like a fair houſe, built upon another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

FAL. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

FORD. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that, though ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet, in other places, ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, ſir John, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

FAL. O, ſir!

FORD. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more; ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this Ford's wife;

uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift! ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too ſtrongly embattled againſt me: What ſay you to't, ſir John?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will firſt make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good ſir!

Fal. Maſter Brook, I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money, ſir John, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs Ford, maſter Brook, you ſhall want none. I ſhall be with her (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me: I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her huſband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, ſir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money; for the

which his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly rogues coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, ſir; that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue! I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: maſter Brook, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peaſant, and thou ſhalt lie with his wife.—Come to me ſoon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile; thou, maſter Brook, ſhalt know him for a knave and cuckold:—come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean raſcal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſy? My wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abuſed, my coffers ranſacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!——Amaimon ſounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbaſon, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. Page is an aſs, a ſecure aſs; he will truſt his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a Fleming with my butter, parſon Hugh the Welſhman with my cheeſe, an Iriſhman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they

will effect. Heaven be praiſed for my jealouſy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falſtaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Windſor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, ſir, that ſir Hugh promiſed to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, ſir; he knew, your worſhip would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, ſir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bleſs thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, maſter doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good maſter doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foin, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there; to ſee thee paſs thy punto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy

montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Franciſco? ha, bully! What ſays my Eſculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack prieſt of the vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

Host. Thou art a Caſtilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitneſs that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, maſter doctor: he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: is it not true, maſter Page?

Page. Maſter Shallow, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, maſter Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, maſter Page, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, maſter Page.

Page. 'Tis true, maſter Shallow.

Shal. It will be found ſo, maſter Page. Maſter doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am ſworn of the peace: you have ſhowed yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and ſir Hugh hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient churchman: you muſt go with me, maſter doctor.

Host. Pardon, gueſt juſtice:—A word, monſieur Muckwater.

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as

de Engliſhman:——Scurvy jack-dog-prieſt! by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But firſt, maſter gueſt, and maſter Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aſide to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: ſee what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good maſter doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-a-nape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, firſt, ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where miſtreſs Anne Page is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhall woo her: Cry'd game, ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure a-you de good gueſt, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adverſary toward Anne Page; ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good maſter Slender's ſerving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for maſter Caius, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Sim. Marry, ſir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windſor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Sim. I will, ſir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I ſhall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pleſs my ſoul! [*Sings.*

To ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſies.
To ſhallow——

'Mercy on me! I have a great diſpoſitions to cry.

Melodious birds ſing madrigals;—
When as I ſat in Papylon,——
And a thouſand vagram poſies.
To ſhallow——

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, ſir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:——

To ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls——

Heaven proſper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, ſir: There comes my maſter, maſter Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, maſter parſon? Good-morrow, good ſir Hugh. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah! ſweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good ſir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy ſake, all of you!

Shal. What! the ſword and the word! do you ſtudy them both, maſter parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, maſter parſon.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have lived fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; maſter doctor Caius, the renowned French phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave beſides; a cowardly knave, as you would deſires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, ſweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons:—Keep them aſunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good maſter parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good maſter doctor.

Host. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtogs to other men's humours; I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-comb, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine *Hoſt de Jarterre*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtians ſoul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgement by mine hoſt of of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I ſay; Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch; ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I ſay; hear mine hoſt of the Gärter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I loſe my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I loſe my parſon? my prieſt? my ſir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terreſtial; ſo:—Give me thy hand, celeſtial; ſo.——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burnt ſack be the iſſue.—Come, lay their ſwords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, ſweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de ſot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-ſtog. —I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame ſcall, ſcurvy, cogging companion, the hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promiſe to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles:—Pray you follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Street in Windſor.

Enter Miſtreſs Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I ſee, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, ſir, to ſee your wife: Is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be ſure of that,—two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falſtaff.

Ford. Sir John Falſtaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is ſuch a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, ſir;—I am ſick, 'till I ſee her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve ſcore. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and Falſtaff's boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind!—and Falſtaff's boy with her! —Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modeſty

from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs Page, divulge Page himſelf for a ſecure and wilful Actæon; and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. [*Clock ſtrikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find Falſtaff: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this, than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that Falſtaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Shal. *Page*, &c. Well met, maſter Ford.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, maſter Ford.

Slen. And ſo muſt I, ſir; we have appointed to dine with miſtreſs Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my couſin Slender, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, maſter Slender; I ſtand wholly for you:—but my wife, maſter doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurſh-a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Host. What ſay you to young maſter Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holiday, he ſmells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him

take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner: beſides your cheer, you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhow you a monſter.——Maſter doctor, you ſhall go;—ſo ſhall you, maſter Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we ſhall have the freer wooing at maſter Page's. [*Exeunt Shallow and Slender.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit Host.*

Ford. [*Aſide.*] I think, I ſhall drink in pipe-wine firſt with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in Ford's Houſe.

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-baſket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I ſay.

Enter Servants with a Baſket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-houſe; and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering,) take this baſket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the Thames' ſide.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-muſket? what news with you?

Rob. My maſter ſir John is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs Ford; and requeſts your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn: My maſter knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do ſo:—Go tell thy maſter, I am alone. Miſtreſs Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, *my heavenly jewel?* Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O ſweet ſir John!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs Ford. Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh: I would thy

huſband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, ſir John! alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France ſhow me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou haſt the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, ſir John: my brows become nothing elſe; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Bucklers-bury in ſimple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, ſir; I fear, you love miſtreſs Page.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Miſtreſs Ford, miſtreſs Ford! here's miſtreſs Page at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman.— [*Falstaff hides himſelf.*

Enter Mrs. Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O miſtreſs Ford, what have you done? You're ſhamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, miſtreſs Ford! having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?—Out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aſide.*]—'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain your huſband's coming with half Windſor at his heels, to ſearch for

ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourſelf clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your ſenſes to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What ſhall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril: I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe,

Mrs. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, ſend him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't! O let me ſee't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counſel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! ſir John Falſtaff! Are theſe your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the baſket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your maſter, boy: Call your men, miſtreſs Ford:—You diſſembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit* Robin. *Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up theſe clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundreſs in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt; I deſerve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me ſtop this way firſt:—So, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter Ford, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter Page.—Up, gentlemen; you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantaſtical humours, and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt* EVANS, PAGE, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceived, or ſir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal! I would, all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband has some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page; I suffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a 'omans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well;—I promiſed you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, miſtreſs Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh: Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, maſter Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the louſy knave, mine hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A louſy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in PAGE's *Houſe.*

Enter FENTON, *and Miſtreſs* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I ſee, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, ſweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth:

Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle maſter Fenton,
Yet ſeek my father's love; ſtill ſeek it, ſir:
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[*They converſe apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Mrs.* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs Quickly; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: ſlid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; maſter Slender would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handſome in three hundred pounds a year! [*Aſide.*

Quick. And how does good maſter Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, miſtreſs Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell miſtreſs Anne the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs Anne, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'ſquire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter Shallow, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter Slender.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heaven praiſe.

Anne. I mean, maſter Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may aſk your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Miſtreſs Page.

Page. Now, maſter Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does maſter Fenton here?
You wrong me, ſir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:

I told you, ſir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter Page, be not impatient. [child.

Mrs. Page. Good maſter Fenton, come not to my

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter Fenton.

Come, maſter Shallow; come, ſon Slender; in:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quick. Speak to miſtreſs Page.

Fent. Good miſtreſs Page, for that I love your daughter

In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,

Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I muſt advance the colours of my love,

And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quick. That's my maſter, maſter doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips. [Fenton,

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourſelf: Good maſter

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,

And as I find her, ſo am I affected;

'Till then, farewell, ſir:—She muſt needs go in;

Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewell, gentle miſtreſs; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a phyſician? Look on maſter Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my ſweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*

Quick. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs Anne; or I would maſter Slender had her; or, in ſooth, I would maſter Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for ſo I have promiſed, and I'll be as good as my word; but ſpeciouſly for maſter Fenton. Well, I muſt of another errand to ſir John Falſtaff from my two miſtreſſes; What a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay,—

Bard. Here, ſir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a baſket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be ſerved ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's miſtreſs Quickly, ſir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the Thames

water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe chalices: Go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bar. With eggs, ſir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf; I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* Bardolph.]—How now?

Quick. Marry, ſir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quick. Well, ſhe laments, ſir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickly: ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her: Tell her ſo; and bid her think what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, ſir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſs her.

Quick. Peace be with you, ſir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter Brook; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir!

Fal. Now, maſter Brook? you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, ſir John, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And how ſped you, ſir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter Brook.

Ford. How ſo, ſir? Did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter Brook: but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kiſs'd, proteſted, and, as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's diſtraction, they conveyed me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-baſket: ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſy napkins; that, maſter Brook, there was the rankeſt

compound of villainous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter Brook, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their ſhoulders; met the jealous knave their maſter in the door; who aſk'd them once or twice, what they had in their baſket: I quaked for fear, leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the ſequel, maſter Brook: I ſuffer'd the pangs of three ſeveral deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compaſs'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be ſtopp'd in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking clothes that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as ſubject to heat, as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that,—hiſſing hot,—think of that, maſter Brook.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, ſir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you have ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit then is deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her

huſband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embaſſy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter Brook.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, ſir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You ſhall have her, maſter Brook; maſter Brook, you ſhall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? Maſter Ford, awake; awake, maſter Ford; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baſkets!—Well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my houſe: he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box: but, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at maſter Ford's already, think'ſt thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be preſently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtreſs Ford deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool: Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, ſir Hugh? no ſchool to-day?

Eva. No; maſter Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Bleſſing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my huſband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, ſirrah; hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly I thought there had been one number more; becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis;* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;*—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. *Accuſativo, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative caſe, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive caſe?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* caſe! fie on her!—never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hic and to hac, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, kæ, cod;* if you forget your *kies*, your

kæs, and your *cods*, you muſt be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewell, miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good ſir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's Houſe.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs Ford, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, ſweet ſir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, goſſip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, ſir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, ſweetheart? who's at home beſides yourſelf?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly:—Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your huſband is in his old lunes again: he ſo takes on yonder with my huſband;

ſo rails againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madneſs, I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and ſwears, he was carried out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket: proteſts to my huſband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly ſhamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the baſket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the baſket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of maſter Ford's brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out; otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will ſeek there on my word. Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, ſir John. Unleſs you go out diſguis'd,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather than a miſchief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, ſir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, ſweet ſir John: miſtreſs Page, and I, will look ſome linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would, my huſband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch; forbade her my houſe, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy huſband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men

to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the baſket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet! we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eat all the draff.* [*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, ſirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch. [*Exit.*

1. *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1. *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the baſket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:——You, youth in a baſket, come out here!—O, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me: Now ſhall the devil be ſhamed. What! wife, I ſay! come, come forth; behold what honeſt clothes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes! Maſter Ford, you are not to go looſe any longer; you muſt be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, maſter Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So ſay I too, ſir.—Come hither, miſtreſs Ford; miſtreſs Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband!—I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, ſirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not aſhamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Maſter Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket: Why may not he be there again? In my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealouſy is reaſonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter Ford, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere elſe, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: If I find not what I ſeek, ſhow no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as Ford, that ſearch'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, miſtreſs Page! come you, and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men; we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by the figure, and ſuch daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, ſweet huſband;—good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her:——Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not aſhamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſhamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſhamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, ſhape it; I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir, the Germans deſire to have three of your horſes: the duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

HOST. What duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak Engliſh?

BARD. Ay, ſir; I'll call them to you.

HOST. They ſhall have my horſes; but I'll make them pay, I'll ſauce them: they have had my houſes a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts: they muſt come off; I'll ſauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in FORD'S *Houſe.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

EVA. 'Tis one of the peſt diſcretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

MRS. PAGE. Within a quarter of an hour.

FORD. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

PAGE. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How! to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too. [comes,

Mrs. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither. [hunter,

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Sometime a keeper here in Windſor foreſt,
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us,
Diſguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape: When you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot? [thus:

Mrs. Page. That likewiſe have we thought upon, and

Nan Page my daughter, and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As Falſtaff, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong; upon their ſight,
We two in great amazedneſs will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread,
In ſhape prophane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to Windſor.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes alſo, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan ſhall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall maſter Slender ſteal my Nan away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at Eton.——Go, ſend to Falſtaff ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpoſe: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleaſures, and fery honeſt knaveries. [*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, miſtreſs Ford,
Send Quickly to ſir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my huſband beſt of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, ſhall have her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Sim. Marry, ſir, I come to ſpeak with ſir John Falſtaff from maſter Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, ſir, till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully ſir John! ſpeak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine hoſt, thine Epheſian, calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine hoſt?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me; but ſhe's gone.

Sim. Pray you, ſir, was't not the wiſe woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muſcle-ſhell; What would you with her?

Sim. My maſter, ſir, my maſter Slender, ſent to her, ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know, ſir, whether one Nym, ſir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, ſir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguiled maſter Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, ſir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dieſt.

Sim. Why, ſir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs Anne Page; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, ſir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, ſir?

Fal. Ay, ſir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit Simple.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, ſir John: Was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, ſir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Fauſtuſes.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not ſay, they be fled; Germans are honeſt men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine hoſt?

Host. What is the matter, ſir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozen'd all the hoſts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horſes and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtogs; and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine *Hoſt de Jarterre.*

Host. Here, maſter doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—aſſiſt me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bardolph.*

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-fallen as a dried pear. I never proſper'd ſince I foreſwore myſelf at *Primero.* Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd! I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more, than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpecioufly one of them; miſtreſs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the

knave conſtable had ſet me i' the ſtocks, i' the common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber: you ſhall hear how things go; and I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not ſerve heaven well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Maſter Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak: Aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loſs.

Host. I will hear you, maſter Fenton; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chooſer,)
Even to my wiſh: I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof ſo larded with my matter,
That neither, ſingly, can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhow of both;—wherein fat Falſtaff
Hath a great ſcene: the image of the jeſt
[*Showing the letter.*
I'll ſhow you here at large. Hark, good mine hoſt:
To-night at Herne's oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet Nan preſent the fairy queen;

The purpoſe why, is here; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: ſhe hath conſented:
Now, ſir,
Her mother, even ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taſking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the doctor:—Now, thus it reſts:
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Host. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts,—that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go.——I'll hold; This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they ſay, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I ſay; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter Brook? Maſter Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, ſir, as you told me you had appointed.

Fal. I went to her, maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man: but I came from her, maſter Brook, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, Ford her huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of man, maſter Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle. I am in haſte; go along with me; I'll tell you all, maſter Brook. Since I plucked geeſe, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you ſtrange things of this

knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, maſter Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Windſor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

PAGE. Come, come; we'll couch i' the caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our fairies.—Remember, ſon Slender, my daughter.

SLEN. Ay, forſooth; I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum;* ſhe cries, *budget;* and by that we know one another.

SHAL. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* The white will decipher her well enough.—It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

PAGE. The night is dark; light and ſpirits will become it well. Heaven proſper our ſport! No man means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Street in Windſor.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

MRS. PAGE. Maſter doctor, my daughter is in green: when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and deſpatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two muſt go together.

CAIUS. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

MRS. PAGE. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of Falſtaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obſcured lights; which, at the very inſtant of Falſtaff's and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choofe but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Windſor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff diſguiſed, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windſor bell hath ſtruck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me!—Remember, Jove, thou waſt a bull for thy Europa; love ſet on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt.—You were alſo, Jupiter, a ſwan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe?—A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt;—O Jove, a beaſtly fault! and then

another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windſor ſtag; and the fatteſt, I think, i' the foreſt: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

MRS. FORD. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

FAL. My doe with the black ſcut?—Let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

[*Embracing her.*

MRS. FORD. Miſtreſs Page is come with me, ſweetheart.

FAL. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your huſbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? —Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience; he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

MRS. PAGE. Alas! what noiſe?

MRS. FORD. Heaven forgive our ſins!

FAL. What ſhould this be?

MRS. FORD. } Away, away, [*They run off.*
MRS. PAGE. }

FAL. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he would never elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a ſatyr; Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dreſſed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windſor chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works muſt eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Bede?*—Go you, and where you find a
That, ere ſhe ſleep, has thrice her prayers ſaid, [maid,
Raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy,
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;
But thoſe as ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windſor caſtle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room;
That it may ſtand till the perpetual doom,
In ſtate as wholeſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair inſtalment, coat, and ſeveral creſt,
With loyal blazon, evermore be bleſt!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the Garter's compaſs, in a ring:
The expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;

And, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Penſe*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies uſe flowers for their charactery.
Away; diſperſe: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of cuſtom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanterns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But, ſtay; I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy! leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Pist. Vile worm, thou waſt o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire, touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.—

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire!
About him, fairies; ſing a ſcornful rhime:
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

Song. Fie on ſinful fantaſy!
Fie on luſt and luxury!
Luſt is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,

Fed in heart; whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

During this ſong, the fairies pinch Falſtaff. *Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and ſteals away a fairy in green;* Slender *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* Fenton *comes, and ſteals away* Mrs. Anne Page. *A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* Falſtaff *pulls off his buck's head, and riſes.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

PAGE. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter ſerve your turn?

MRS. PAGE. I pray you, come; hold up the jeſt no higher:—
Now, good ſir John, how like you Windſor wives?
See you theſe, huſband? do not theſe fair yokes
Become the foreſt better than the town?

FORD. Now, ſir, who's a cuckold now?—Maſter Brook, Falſtaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, maſter Brook: And, maſter Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which muſt be paid to maſter Brook; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter Brook.

MRS. FORD. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

FAL. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an aſs.

FORD. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

FAL. And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four

times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpite of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falſtaff, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the ſun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter! Have I lived to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of Engliſh? This is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, ſir John, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the Welch flannel; ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me: uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, ſir, we'll bring you to Windſor, to one maſter Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, huſband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe; where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, maſter Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aſide.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, ſon? have you deſpatch'd?

Slen. Deſpatch'd!—I'll make the beſt in Gloceſterſhire know on't; would I were hanged, la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry miſtreſs Anne Page, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have ſwinged him, or he ſhould have ſwinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne

Page, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and ſhe cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter Slender, cannot you ſee but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpoſe; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, ſhe is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is miſtreſs Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paiſan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raiſe all Windſor. [*Exit Caius.*

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart miſgives me: here comes maſter Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, maſter Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, miſtreſs? how chance you went not with maſter Slender? [maid?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with maſter doctor,

Fent. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, She and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
The offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed:
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanced. [joy!

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chas'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muſe no further:—Maſter Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo:—Sir John,
To maſter Brook you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lie with miſtreſs Ford. [*Exeunt.*

The

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

or,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Perſons repreſented.

Orſino, *duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young gentleman, brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a ſea-captain, friend to* Sebaſtian.
A ſea-captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen attending on the duke.*
Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Malvolio, *ſteward to* Olivia.
Fabian, *Clown*, } *ſervants to* Olivia.

Olivia, *a rich counteſs.*
Viola, *in love with the duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *woman.*

Lords, Prieſts, Sailors, Officers, Muſicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria; *and the ſea-coaſt near it.*

The
TWELFTH-NIGHT:
or,
WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the DUKE's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, LORDS; *Muſicians attending.*

DUKE. If muſick be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.———
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantaſtical.

CUR. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have;
O, when mine eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, till ſeven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloiſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh,
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Theſe ſovereign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
(Her ſweet perfections,) with one ſelf king!—
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Sea-coaſt.

Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elyſium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:——What think you, ſailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and ſo, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orſino.

Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And ſo is now,
Or was ſo very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas freſh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The leſs will prattle of,) that he did ſeek

The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd ſome twelve-month ſince; then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd: for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the company
And ſight of men.

Vio. O, that I ſerv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow,
What my eſtate is!

Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this duke;
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in OLIVIA'S *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* MARIA.

SIR To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

MAR. By my troth, Sir Toby, you muſt come in earlier o'nights; your couſin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR To. Why, let her except before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

SIR To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am: theſe clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday; and of a fooliſh knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

SIR To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpoſe?

SIR To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

SIR To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath, indeed,—almoſt natural: for, beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in

quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels, and ſubſtractors, that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coyſtril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a pariſh top. What, wench? Caſtiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet ſir Andrew!

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, ſir.

Sir To. Accoſt, ſir Andrew, accoſt.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid. [ance.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs Accoſt, I deſire better acquaint-

Mar. My name is Marry, ſir.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs Mary Accoſt,——

Sir To. You miſtake, knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her, woo her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part ſo, ſir Andrew, 'would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, ſir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, ſir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo; I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, ſir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, ſir; I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit Maria.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: When did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unleſs you ſee canary put me down: Methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, ſir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſewife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be ſeen; or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the count himſelf, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the ſtrangeſt mind i'the world; I delight in maſques and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs Mall's picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk ſhould be a jig; I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace. What doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well

in a flame-colour'd ſtock. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To. No, ſir; it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue theſe favours towards you, Ceſario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love: Is he inconſtant, ſir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who ſaw Ceſario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Ceſario,
Thou know'ſt no leſs but all; I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul:
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd acceſs; ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,

Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith:
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aſpect.

Vio. I think not ſo, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.
I know, thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt,
When leaſt in company:—Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my beſt,
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aſide.*] a barrful ſtrife!
Whoe'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Room in OLIVIA'S *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA, *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips, ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good,

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom, that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being ſo long abſent: or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither; but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's fleſh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man: For what ſays Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit.——God bleſs thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good coun-

ſel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterioufly, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me. [proof.

Oli. Well, ſir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God ſend you, ſir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better encreaſing your folly! Sir Toby will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fool's zanies.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, Malvolio, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the count Orſino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinſman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he ſpeaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* Maria.] Go you, Malvolia: if it be a ſuit from the count, I am ſick, or not at home; what you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Mal-

VOLIO.] Now you ſee, ſir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

CLO. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a moſt weak *pia mater.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

OLI. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, couſin?

SIR TO. A gentleman.

OLI. A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TO. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o'theſe pickle-herrings!—how now, ſot?

CLO. Good Sir Toby,——

OLI. Couſin, couſin, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

SIR TO. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

OLI. Ay, marry; what is he?

SIR TO. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

OLI. What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLO. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLI. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

CLO. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick; he takes on him

to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you: I told him you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

OLI. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

MAL. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

OLI. What kind of man is he?

MAL. Why, of man kind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he'll ſpeak with you, will you, or no.

OLI. Of what perſonage, and years, is he?

MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him e'en ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

OLI. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

OLI. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orſino's embaſſy.

Enter VIOLA.

VIO. The honourable lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

OLI. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her; Your will?

VIO. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty, —I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her: I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I

have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt finiſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe..

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſaucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, ſir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, ſweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orſino's boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? In what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, ſir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted; I will give out divers ſchedules of my beauty: It ſhall be inventoried; and every particle, and utenſil, label'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to 'praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and maſter loves you; O, ſuch love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuffering, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe,
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling goſſip of the air

Cry out, Olivia! O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poſt, lady; keep your purſe;
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompenſe.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love;
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.——I'll be ſworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too faſt:—ſoft! ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man.—How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtle ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, ſhew thy force: Ourſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Sea-coaſt.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompenſe for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, ſir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf. You muſt know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebaſtian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebaſtian of Meſſaline, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, 'would we had ſo ended! but, you, ſir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd,

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, ſir, though it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with ſuch eſtimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, ſir, with ſalt water, though I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once: my boſom is full of kindneſs; and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orſino's court: farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orſino's court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the counteſs Olivia?

Vio. Even now, ſir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, ſir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your-

ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your lord into a deſperate aſſurance ſhe will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, ſir, you peeviſhly threw it to her; and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much,
That, ſure, methought, her eyes had loſt her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he ſent her none.
I am the man;—If it be ſo, (as 'tis)
Poor lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſy is it, for the proper-falſe
In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we;
For, ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? My maſter loves her dearly;
And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor Olivia breathe?

O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. A Room in OLIVIA'S *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, ſir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a ſcholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I ſay!——a ſtoop of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg; and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpokeſt of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians paſſing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy leman; Hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's noſe

is no whipſtock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong.

Sir To. Come on; there is ſix-pence for you: let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too: if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

Sir To. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O, ſtay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter;
What's to come, is ſtill unſure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiſs me, ſweet and twenty,
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouſe the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight! I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They ſing a Catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her ſteward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramſey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouſe of my lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, ſir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I muſt be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though ſhe harbours you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing allied to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe; if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good ſir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time? ſir, ye lie.—Art any more than a ſteward? Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger ſhall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, ſir, rub your chain with crums:—A ſtoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Miſtreſs Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a

man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet ſir Toby, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For monſieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us; tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, ſir, ſometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; an affection'd aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths: the beſt perſuaded of himſelf, ſo cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter; obſerve his conſtruction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthefilea.

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou haſt her not i'the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Others.*

Duke. Give me ſome muſick:—Now, good morrow, friends:——

Now, good Ceſario, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times:——
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte, the jeſter, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* Curio.—*Muſick.*

Come hither, boy; If ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save, in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtay'd upon ſome favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf; ſo wears ſhe to him,
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes; whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night:—
Mark it, Ceſario; it is old, and plain:
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chaunt it; it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, ſir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhroud of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpſe, where my bones ſhall be thrown:
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave;
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, ſir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, ſir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, ſir, and pleaſure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel.

[*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the reſt give place.—

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*

Once more, Ceſario,
Get thee to yon' ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But, if ſhe cannot love you, ſir?

Duke. I cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's ſides,
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That ſuffer ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What doſt thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your lordſhip.
Duke. And what's her hiſtory?
Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more: but, indeed,
Our ſhows are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, ſhall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel; ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, ſignior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, ſir Andrew!

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the ſun, practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow, this half hour: obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! [*The men hide themſelves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling. [*Exit Maria.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, ſhe did affect me: and I have heard herſelf come thus near, that, ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could ſo beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the ſtrachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate,—

Sir To. O, for a ſtone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia ſleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs,—to aſk for my kinſman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'ſies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our ſilence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Couſin Toby, my fortunes having caſt me on your niece, give me this prerogative of ſpeech;*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [*reads*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wiſhes:* her very phraſes!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impreſſure her Lucrece, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal: 'tis my lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man muſt know.

No man muſt know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man muſt know:*—If this ſhould be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. I may command, where I adore:

But ſilence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodleſs ſtroke, my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth ſway my life.—Nay, but firſt, let let me ſee,—let me ſee,—let me ſee.

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtannyel checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me; I ſerve her, ſhe is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this;—And the end;—What ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;——*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind,

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I*;—This ſimulation is not as the former:—and yet, to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters are in my name. Soft; here follows proſe.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatneſs: Some are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them. And, to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity: She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings; and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd: I ſay, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo; if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter ſervices with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champian diſcovers not more: this is

open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg being croſs-garter'd; and in this ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy. I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. Jove, and my ſtars be praiſed!—Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chooſe but know who I am. If thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well: therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.* —Jove, I thank thee.—I will ſmile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad,

Mar. Nay, but ſay true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola and Clown, with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy muſic: Doſt thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, ſir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, ſir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church ſtands by thy tabor, if the tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo. You have ſaid, ſir.—To ſee this age!—A ſentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my ſiſter had had no name, ſir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, ſir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But, indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgraced them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, man?

Clo. Troth, ſir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loth to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience, ſir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, ſir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art thou not the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, ſir; the lady Olivia has no folly: ſhe will keep no fool, ſir, till ſhe be married; and fools are as like huſbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the huſband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the count Orſino's.

Clo. Foolery, ſir, does walk about the orb, like the ſun; it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, ſir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think, I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almoſt ſick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, ſir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, ſir, to bring a Creſſida to this Troilus.

Vio. I underſtand you, ſir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, ſir, begging but a beggar; Creſſida was a beggar. My lady is within, ſir. I will conſtrue to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wiſe enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhows, is fit;
But wiſe men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, ſir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.

Sir And. I hope, ſir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the houſe? my niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, ſir: I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, ſir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, ſir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and *vouchſafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Tobt, Sir Andrew, and Maria.* Give me your hand, ſir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, ſir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are ſervant to the count Orſino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours;
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never ſpeak again of him:
But, would you undertake another ſuit,
I had rather hear you to ſolicit that,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,

After the laſt enchantment you did here,
A ring in chaſe of you; ſo did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you, in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you ſpeak.

VIO. I pity you.

OLI. That's a degree to love.

VIO. No, not a griſe; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies you way, due weſt.

VIO. Then weſtward-hoe:
Grace, and good diſpoſition 'tend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'ſt of me.

VIO. That you do think, you are not what you are.

OLI. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

VIO. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

OLI. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wiſh it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhows not itſelf more ſoon
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For, that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But, rather, reaſon thus with reaſon fetter:
Love ſought is good, but given unſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's Houſe.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, ſir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the count's ſerving man, than ever ſhe beſtowed upon me; I ſaw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, ſir, upon the oaths of judgement and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, ſince before Noah was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhow favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver: You ſhould then have accoſted her; and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall take note of it: and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, ſir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curſt and

brief; it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lie in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, ſet 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a gooſe-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, ſir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of the anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite, the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a

ſchool i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does ſmile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

SIR TO. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

SEB. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANT. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
More ſharp than filed ſteel, did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (though ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealouſy what might befall your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable: My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

SEB. My kind Antonio,
I can no other anſwer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go ſee the reliques of this town?

ANT. To-morrow, ſir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets:
Once, in a ſea-fight, 'gainſt the Count his gallies,
I did ſome ſervice; of ſuch note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did: only myſelf ſtood out:
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, ſir, here's my purſe:
In the ſouth ſuburbs, at the Elephant,
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your know-
ledge
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, ſir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. OLIVIA's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.

OLI. I have ſent after him: He ſays, he'll come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is ſad, and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

MAR. He's coming, madam;
But in ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſs'd.

OLI. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MAR. No, madam,
He does nothing but ſmile: your ladyſhip
Were beſt have guard about you, if he come;
For, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.

OLI. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

OLI. Smil'ſt thou?
I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be ſad: This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood, this croſs-gartering; But what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

OLI. Why, how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know the ſweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your requeſt? Yes; Nightingales anſwer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſs:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatneſs,——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.

Oli. Heaven reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings;—

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd.

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orſino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my couſin Toby? Let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worſe man than ſir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. *Caſt thy humble ſlough*, ſays ſhe;—*be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate,—put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity;*——and, conſequently, ſets down the manner how; as, a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome ſir of note, and ſo forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when ſhe went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance,—What can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, *with Sir* Toby Belch, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſſed him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, ſir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Mal-

volio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, an you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly uſed.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan; Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers; good ſir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go, hang yourſelves all! you are idle ſhallow things: I am not of your element; you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now; leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleaſure, and his penance, till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhow thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comeſt to the Lady Olivia, and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy ſide of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our ſouls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend, as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't; he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horrible: for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, ſir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a headſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Go on my maſter's griefs.

Oli. Here, wèar this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, ſav'd, may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, ſir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, ſir; I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, ſir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: ſouls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others, to taſte their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him: therefore, on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior Fabian, ſtay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*

Vio. Pray you, ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incenſed againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, ſir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with ſir prieſt, than ſir knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, *with* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago. I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard, and all, and he gives me the ſtuck-in, with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on: They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good ſhow on't; this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls: Marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*]

Re-enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe [*to Fab.*] to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, ſir; he will fight with you

for his oath ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the ſupportance of his vow; he proteſts, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aſide.*

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, ſir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's ſake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will. [*draws.*

Ant. Put up your ſword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*drawing.*

Sir To. You, ſir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, ſir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good ſir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To Antonio.*

Vio. Pray, ſir, put your ſword up, if you pleaſe. [*To Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, will I, ſir;—and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit

Of count Orſino.

Ant. You do miſtake me, ſir.

1 *Off.* No, ſir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey.—This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy; I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? Now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myſelf. You ſtand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, ſir, away.

Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money, ſir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhow'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething: my having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? Do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling, drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themſelves!

2 *Off.* Come, ſir, I pray you, go. [here,

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,——
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou haſt, Sebaſtian, done good feature ſhame.—
In nature there's no blemiſh, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, ſir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers, *with* Antonio.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebaſtian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his diſhoneſty appears, in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, aſk Fabian.

FAB. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.
SIR AND. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
SIR TO. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.
SIR AND. An I do not,—
FAB. Come, let's ſee the event.
SIR TO. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

SCENE I. The Street before OLIVIA's Houſe.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

CLO. Will you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

CLO. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not ſent to you by my lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter Ceſario; nor this is not my noſe neither.—Nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

SEB. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe;
Thou know'ſt not me.

CLO. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

SEB. I pr'ythee, fooliſh Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I ſhall give worſe payment.

CLO. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand:—Theſe

wiſe men, that give fool's money, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, ſir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, ſir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Sir To. Come on, ſir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, ſir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron: you are well fleſh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword. [*draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear Ceſario:——
Rudeſby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe;
And hear thou there how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chooſe but go;
Do not deny: Beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream:—
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep;
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep! [by me!

OLI. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dſt be rul'd

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in OLIVIA'S Houſe.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

MAR. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilſt. [*Exit MARIA.*

CLO. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent: but to be ſaid, an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man, and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

SIR TO. Jove bleſs thee, maſter parſon.

CLO. Bonos dies, ſir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:* ſo I, being

maſter parſon, am maſter parſon; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I ſay,—Peace in this priſon!

Sir. To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to viſit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas, good ſir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexeſt thou this man? talkeſt thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter parſon.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd: good ſir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan! I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with courteſy; Say'ſt thou, that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows tranſparent as barricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, ſir Topas; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt: I ſay, there is no darkneſs, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abuſed: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs: thou ſhalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas,—

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite ſir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard, and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Fool, I ſay;—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as

I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Maſter Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abuſed: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay; the miniſter is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens reſtore! endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, ſir? not I, ſir. God b'w'you, good ſir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, ſir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay,—

Clo. Alas, ſir, be patient. What ſay you, ſir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, ſir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, ſome ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will ſet down to my lady; it ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but conterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll never believe a madman, till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, ſir,*
And anon, ſir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to ſuſtain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel. [Exit.

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't, and ſee't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice:
For though my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon, that perſuades me

To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA, *and a* PRIEST.

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace: He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having ſworn truth, ever will be true. [ſo ſhine,

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Street before* OLIVIA'S *Houſe.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou loveſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clo. Good maſter Fabian, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, deſire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, ſir; we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, ſir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, ſir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, ſir, no; though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, ſir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, ſir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. Bennet, ſir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, ſir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, ſir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but, as you ſay, ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Antonio, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, ſir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the ſmoke of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orſino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame, and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſs, ſir; drew on my ſide;
But, in concluſion, put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino, noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication: for his ſake,
Did I expoſe myſelf, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the counteſs; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aſide.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may ſeem ſerviceable?—
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.
Vio. Madam?
Duke. Gracious Olivia,—
Oli. What do you ſay, Ceſario?——Good, my lord,—
Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.
Duke. Still ſo cruel?
Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.
Duke. What! to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What ſhall I do? [him.
Oli. Even what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a ſavage jealouſy,
That ſometime ſavours nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breaſted tyrant, ſtill;
But this, your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpite.—
Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die. [*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Ceſario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife:
If I do feign, you witneſſes above,
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Duke. Come, away. [*To Viola.*
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Ceſario, huſband, ſtay.
Duke. Huſband?
Oli. Ay, huſband; Can he that deny?
Duke. Her huſband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Ceſario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou doſt know,
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthen'd by the interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compáct
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt,—

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a ſurgeon; ſend one preſently to ſir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head acroſs, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, ſir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Ceſario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Ceſario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes ſir Toby halting, you ſhall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'ſt ſee Dick ſurgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk, ſir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a paſſy-meaſure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, ſir Toby, becauſe we'll be dreſſed together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am ſorry, madam, I have hurt your kinſman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs, with wit, and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A natural perſpective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is Sebaſtian?
Oli. Moſt wonderful!
Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Meſſaline: Sebaſtian was my father;
Such a Sebaſtian was my brother too,
So went he ſuited to his watery tomb:
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul!
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd, to ſerve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

SEB. So comes it, lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To* OLIVIA.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck:
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*To* VIOLA.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

VIO. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear;
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That ſevers day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIO. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon ſome action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's ſuit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLI. He ſhall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Re-enter CLOWN, *with a letter.*

A moſt extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.—
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madneſs: an your ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken couſin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own letter that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame. Think of me as you pleaſe. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury. The madly-uſed* Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This ſavours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter as a wife,
One day ſhall crown the alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt to embrace your offer.—
Your maſter quits you; [*To Viola.*] and, for your ſer-
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex, [vice done him,
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,
Here is my hand; you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter?—you are ſhe.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this ſame:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruſe that letter:
You muſt not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention:
You can ſay none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour;
Bade me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon ſir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſs'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf, and Toby,
Set this device againſt Malvolio here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him; Maria writ
The letter, at ſir Toby's great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thrown upon them.* I was one, ſir, in this interlude; one ſir Topas, ſir; but that's all one: —*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gagg'd;* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:—

He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls—Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence.—Ceſario, come;
For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

CLO. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainſt knave and thief men ſhut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [Exit.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

Perſons repreſented.

Vincentio, *duke of* Vienna,
Angelo, *lord deputy in the duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, *an ancient lord, joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*
Claudio, *a young gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtick.*
Two other like gentlemen.
Varrius, *a gentleman, ſervant to the duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, Peter, } *two friars.*
A juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh gentleman.*
Clown, ſervant to Mrs. Over-done.
Abhorſon, *an executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*
Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved by* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-done, *a bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the DUKE's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, LORDS, *and Attendants.*

DUKE. Eſcalus,—

ESCAL. My lord.

DUKE. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would ſeem in me to affect ſpeech and diſcourſe;
Since I am put to know, that your own ſcience,
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: Then no more remains,
But that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms,
For common juſtice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us Angelo.— [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love;

And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: Thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advértiſe;
Hold therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Eſcalus,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary:
Take thy commiſſion.
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,

Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evaſion:
We have, with a leaven'd and prepared choice,
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine own;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I ſhall deſire you, ſir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have; but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Lucio, *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to compoſition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludeſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: There's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, doth reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, deſpite of all

controverſy: As for example; Thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet: Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an Engliſh kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myſelf wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchaſed as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me: but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay, healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, ſir, that's Claudio, ſignior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to priſon! 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carried away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince; and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio, and Gentlemen.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What, proclamation, man?

Clo. All houſes in the ſuburbs of Vienna muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clo. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What ſhall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counſellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapſter? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes ſignior Claudio, led by the provoſt to priſon? and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame,

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* OFFICERS; *Lucio, and two* GENTLEMEN.

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to the world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord Angelo by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: Our natures do purſue,
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors: And yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, ſir; you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aſide.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me:—Upon a true contráct,
I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,

With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs;
Or whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtraight feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me:—'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate;
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men; beſide, ſhe hath proſperous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Monaſtery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete boſom: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of ſtricture, and firm abſtinence,)
My abſolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to Poland;
For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now, pious ſir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds,)
Which for theſe fourteen years we have let ſleep;

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your grace
To unlooſe this tied-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet my nature never in the ſight,
To do it ſlander: And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Viſit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear me
Like a true friar. More reaſons for this action,
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite

Is more to bread than ſtone: Hence ſhall we ſee,
If power change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

ISAB. And have you nuns no further privileges?

FRAN. Are not theſe large enough?

ISAB. Yes, truly: I ſpeak not as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of ſaint Clare.

LUCIO. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*

ISAB. Who's that which calls?

FRAN. It is a man's voice: Gentle Iſabella,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the prioreſs:
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhow your face;
Or, if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit* FRANCISCA.

ISAB. Peace and proſperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO. Hail, virgin, if you be; as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs! Can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of Iſabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

ISAB. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk;
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that Iſabella, and his ſiſter.

LUCIO. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

ISAB. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your ſtory.

Lucio. It is true.
I would not—though 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing enſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Isab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As thoſe that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time,
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foiſon; even ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My couſin Juliet?

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,

Governs lord Angelo; a man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of buſineſs 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he ſo ſeek his life?

Lucio. Has cenſur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provoſt hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themſelves would owe them.

Isab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily.

Isab. I will about it ſtraight;

No longer ſtaying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good ſir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other Attendants.*

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Eſcalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May, in the ſworn twelve, have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take it,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Escal. Be it as your wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the provoſt?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, ſir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poor duke's conſtable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon juſtice, ſir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are: but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, ſir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, ſir?

Elb. He, ſir? a tapſter, ſir; parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, ſir, was, as they ſay, pluck'd down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe, which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, ſir, whom I deteſt before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, ſir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honeſt woman;—

Escal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, ſir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Escal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, ſir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanlineſs there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs Over-done's means: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he miſplaces? [*To Angelo.*

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honour's reverence,) for ſtew'd prunes; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three pence; your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not China diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, ſir.

Clo. No, indeed, ſir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I ſay, this miſtreſs Elbow, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prunes; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid, maſter Froth here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly;—for, as you know, maſter Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you;

Froth. All this is true,

Clo. Why, very well then,

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpoſe.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, ſir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beſeech you, look into maſter Froth here, ſir; a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, maſter Froth?

Froth. All-hollond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, ſir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, ſir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit: Have you not?

Froth. I have ſo; becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in Ruſſia,
When nights are longeſt there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Escal. I think no leſs: Good morrow to your lordſhip.
[*Exit Angelo.*
Now, ſir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, ſir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, ſir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Escal. Well, ſir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beſeech you, ſir, look in this gentleman's face:—good maſter Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do ſo.

Clo. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be ſuppoſed upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter Froth do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand, ſir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiſer here? Juſtice, or Iniquity? —Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's officer:— Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worſhip for it: What is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it;—Thou ſeeſt,

thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in Vienna, ſir.

Escal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, ſir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, ſir?

[*To the Clown.*

Clo. A tapſter; a poor widow's tapſter.

Escal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clo. Miſtreſs Over-done.

Escal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clo. Nine, ſir; Over-done by the laſt.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, maſter Froth. Maſter Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you, maſter Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, maſter Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*]—Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What elſe?

Clo. Bum, ſir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you; ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter. Are you not? come, tell me true; it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, ſir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, ſir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it ſhall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſpay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, ſir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a bay: If you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, Pompey told you ſo.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I ſhall beat you to your 'tent, and prove a ſhrewd Cæſar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, maſter Elbow; come hi-

ther, maſter conſtable. How long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, ſir.

Escal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: You ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, ſir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them; I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, ſir?

Escal. To my houſe: Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, ſir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is ſevere.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight. I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provoſt?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio ſhall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou aſk again?

Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What ſhall be done, ſir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful ſuitor to your honour,
Pleaſe but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?

Isab. There is a vice, that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Give't not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.

Isab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold [*To Isabella.*
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Iſabel! ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aſide.*
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, ſhould
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him;—he muſt die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's ſudden! Spare him, ſpare him;
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did the edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs, that ſhows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no ſúcceſſive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet ſhow ſome pity.

Ang. I ſhow it moſt of all, when I ſhow juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;

And he, that ſuffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would uſe his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.—
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt,
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man!
Dreſt in a little brief authority;
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence,—like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceiv't.

Prov. Pray heaven ſhe win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourſelf:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Isab. Becauſe authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' the top: Go to your boſom;
Knock there; and aſk your heart, what it doth know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
ANG. She ſpeaks, and 'tis
Such ſenſe, that my ſenſe breeds with it.—Fare you well.
ISAB. Gentle my lord, turn back.
ANG. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.
ISAB. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.
ANG. How! bribe me? [back.
ISAB. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heaven ſhall ſhare with you.
LUCIO. You had marr'd all elſe.
ISAB. Not with fond ſhekels of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe; prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
ANG. Well: come to me
To-morrow.
LUCIO. Go to; it is well; away. [*Aſide to* ISABELLA.
ISAB. Heaven keep your honour ſafe!
ANG. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation, [*Aſide.*
Where prayers croſs.
ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?
ANG. At any time 'fore noon.
ISAB. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISABELLA, *and* PROVOST.
ANG. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?

The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt? Ha!
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe
Than woman's lightneſs? Having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: never could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. A Room in a Priſon.

Enter DUKE, *habited like a Friar, and* PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provoſt! ſo, I think you are.

Prov. I am the provoſt: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſs'd order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon: do me the common right
To let me ſee them; and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo daughter: But leſt you do repent,
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,—
Which ſorrow is always toward ourſelves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not ſpare heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;

And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. There reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's Houſe.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Iſabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: The ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou ſtill art blood;
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Iſabel, a ſiſter,
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Servant.
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart;
Making both it unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleaſure. [pleaſe me,

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even ſo?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he muſt die.

Isab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, theſe filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heaven's image,
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſy
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained means,

To make a falſe one.

Isab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.

Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life;
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Isab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an enſhield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could diſplayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you, his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myſelf:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence

That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Isab. Ignomy in ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we are made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arreſt your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants,) ſhow it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you ſpeak the former language,

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he ſhall die for it.

Ang. He ſhall not, Iſabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe!—Seeming, ſeeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd name, the auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i'the ſtate
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To lingering ſufferance: anſwer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom ſhould I complain? Did I tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make curt'ſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then Iſabel, live chaſte, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's requeſt,
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Priſon.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life,—
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the ſkiey influences,)
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,

And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'ſt,
Are nur'sd by baſeneſs: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſsly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt: Happy thou art not:
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend haſt thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee fire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner: Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

CLAUD. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear ſir, ere long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy ſir, I thank you.

Isab. My buſineſs is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, ſignior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* DUKE *and* PROVOST.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his ſwift embaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger:
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed;
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, juſt, perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Though all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In ſuch a one as (you conſenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Leſt thou a feverous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame!
Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted deputy,—
Whoſe ſettled viſage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards! Doſt thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank of-
So to offend him ſtill: This night's the time [fence.
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Iſabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Isab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being ſo wiſe,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Iſabel!

Isab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,

That age, ach, penury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live:
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beaſt!
O, faithleſs coward! O, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I think?
Heaven ſhield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; periſh! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed:
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death,
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Iſabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd:
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O hear me, Iſabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Isab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be

ſtolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To Claudio, aſide.*] Son, I have overheard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. Angelo had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practice his judgement with the diſpoſition of natures: ſhe, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death: Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon. I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*

Re-enter Provost.

Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Provost.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhould keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Isab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather

my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

DUKE. That ſhall not be much amiſs: Yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf believe, that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

ISAB. Let me hear you ſpeak further; I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

DUKE. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful. Have you not heard ſpeak of Mariana the ſiſter of Frederick, the great ſoldier, who miſcarried at ſea?

ISAB. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

DUKE. Her ſhould this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at ſea, having in that periſhed veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate huſband, this well-ſeeming Angelo!

Isab. Can this be ſo? Did Angelo ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtowed her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourſelf to this advantage,—firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience: this being granted in courſe, now follows all. We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy ſcaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit

defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haſte you ſpeedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange reſides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and diſpatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. The Street before the Priſon.

Enter Duke, *as a Friar; to him,* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duke. O, heavens! what ſtuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, ſince, of two uſuries, the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignify, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, ſir:—Bleſs you, good father friar.

Duke. And you good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, ſir?

Elb. Marry, ſir, he hath offended the law; and, ſir, we take him to be a thief too, ſir; for we have found upon him, ſir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, ſirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thyſelf,—
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does ſtink in ſome ſort, ſir; but yet, ſir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the deputy, ſir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from ſeeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, ſir.

Clo. I ſpy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæſar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the laſt rain? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou, trot? Is the world as it

was, man? Which is the way? Is it ſad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! ſtill worſe!

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth, ſir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo: Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unſhunn'd conſequence; it muſt be ſo: Art going to priſon, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, ſir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiſs, Pompey: Farewell: Go; ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the priſon, Pompey: You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will keep the houſe.

Clo. I hope, ſir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, truſty Pompey.—Bleſs you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint ſtill, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, ſir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, CLOWN, *and* OFFICERS.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the emperor of Ruſſia; other ſome, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him, to ſteal from the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his abſence; he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: ſomething too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impoſſible to extirpate it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant, ſir; and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is abſent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hund-

red baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand: He had ſome feeling of the ſport; he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, ſir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his uſe was, to put a ducat in her clack-diſh: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A ſhy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a ſecret muſt be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand,—The greater file of the ſubject held the duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking; the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier: Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, ſir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: If it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, ſir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canſt thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, ſir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; ſparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, becauſe they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untruſſing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now paſt it; yet, and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though ſhe ſmelt brown bread and garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes: What king ſo ſtrong,

Can tie the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, BAWD, *and* OFFICERS.

Escal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? This would make mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information againſt me: miſtreſs Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myſelf; and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to priſon: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* BAWD *and* OFFICERS.] Provoſt, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſhed with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this friar hath been with him, and adviſed him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the ſee,
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it: novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, ſir, of what diſpoſition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes, contended eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſs'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice: yet had he framed to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life; which I, by my good leiſure, have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed —juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his pro-

ceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenced himſelf.

Escal. I am going to viſit the priſoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt Escalus and Prov.*

He, who the ſword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere;
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward ſide!
How may likeneſs, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt ponderous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply:
With Angelo to-night ſhall lie
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd,
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Room in Mariana's Houſe.

Mariana diſcovered ſitting; a Boy ſinging.

SONG.

Take, oh take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;

And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain,
ſeal'd in vain.

MARI. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.— [*Exit Bor.*

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, ſir; and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,—
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

DUKE. 'Tis good: though muſic oft hath ſuch a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

MARI. You have not been inquired after: I have ſat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

DUKE. I do conſtantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for ſome advantage to yourſelf.

MARI. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

ISAB. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:

This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promiſe to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſpering and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhow me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have poſſeſs'd him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't pleaſe you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Duke. O place and greatneſs, millions of falſe eyes

Are ſtuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings! thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterpriſe upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. It is not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but, ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contráct:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to ſow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in the Priſon.

Enter PROVOST *and* CLOWN.

Prov. Come hither, ſirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, ſir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from

your gyves; if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorſon! Where's Abhorſon, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, ſir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him: He cannot plead his eſtimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, ſir? Fie upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Prov. Go to, ſir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, ſir, by your good favour, (for, ſurely, ſir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, ſir, your occupation a myſtery?

Abhor. Ay, ſir; a myſtery.

Clo. Painting, ſir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, ſir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks

it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ſerve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener aſk forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do deſire to learn, ſir; and, I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare: for, truly ſir, for your kindneſs, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* CLOWN *and* ABHORSON.

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourſelf. But hark, what noiſe?

[*Knocking within.*

Heaven give your ſpirits comfort! [*Exit* CLAUDIO.]
By and by:—
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſomeſt ſpirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provoſt! Who call'd here of late?
Prov. None, ſince the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Iſabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will then, ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's ſome in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt.—Now are they come.—
[*Knocking within.—Provost goes out.*
This is a gentle provoſt: Seldom, when
The ſteeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſs'd with haſte,
That wounds the unſifting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
Provost returns, ſpeaking to one at the door.
Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?
Prov. None, ſir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, Provoſt, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:

Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profeſs'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath ſent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* MESSENGER.

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin. [*Aſide.*
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, ſir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not uſed it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear,

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better ſatisfaction, let me have Claudio's head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, ſir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurſed up and bred: one that is a priſoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he borne himſelf penitently in priſon? How ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon; give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhow'd him a ſeeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provoſt, honeſty and conſtancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay myſelf in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath ſentenced him: To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, ſir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my caſe as Claudio's, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great diſguiſer: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and ſay, it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bared before his death: You know, the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, ſir, here is the hand and ſeal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you

ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd: Put not yourſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away; it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter CLOWN.

CLO. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would think, it were miſtreſs Overdone's own houſe, for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young maſter Raſh; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one maſter Caper, at the ſuit of maſter Three-pile the mercer, for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſatin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young maſter Deep-vow, and maſter Copper-ſpur, and maſter Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd luſty Pudding, and maſter Forthright the tilter, and brave maſter Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that ſtabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's ſake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Maſter Barnardine! you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noiſe there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, ſir; the hangman: You muſt be ſo good, ſir, to riſe and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, maſter Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, ſir, he is coming; I hear his ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, ſirrah?

Clo. Very ready, ſir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorſon? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, ſir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, ſir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, ſir, here comes your ghoſtly father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how

haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, ſir, you muſt: and therefore, I beſeech you,
Look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear I will not to die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.*

Prov. Now, ſir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfy the deputy with the viſage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,

And ſent according to command; whiles I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently.
But Barnardine muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue Claudio,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them in ſecret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The ſun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, deſpatch, [*Exit Provost.*
And ſend the head to Angelo.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provoſt, he ſhall bear them,—whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We ſhall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Iſabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave. [ter.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daugh-

Isab. The better, given me by ſo holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy ſent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Iſabel, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Duke. It is no other:
Show your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſe patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Iſabel!
Injurious world! Moſt damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cauſe to heaven.
Mark what I ſay; which you ſhall find
By every ſyllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: Already he hath carried
Notice to Eſcalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, [wiſdom
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
In that good path that I would wiſh it go;
And you ſhall have your boſom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;

'Tis he that ſent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At Mariana's houſe to-night. Her cauſe, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he ſhall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy order,
If I pervert your courſe.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the provoſt?

Duke. Not within, ſir.

Lucio. O, pretty Iſabella, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient: I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would ſet me to't: But they ſay the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Iſabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the duke ſo well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takeſt him for.

Duke. Well, you'll anſwer this one day. Fare you well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, ſir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's Houſe.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhow much like to madneſs: pray heaven, his wiſdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Escal. He ſhows his reaſon for that: to have a diſpatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well, I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your houſe:
Give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit
As are to meet him.

Escal. I ſhall, ſir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it!—But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? Yet reaſon dares her?—no:
For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. Theſe letters at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The provoſt knows our purpoſe, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Though ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter. Go, call at Flavius' houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Craſſus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But ſend me Flavius firſt.

F. Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit* FRIAR.

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou haſt made good
Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends [haſte:
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

ISAB. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth;
I would ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He ſays, to veil full purpoſe.

MARI. Be rul'd by him.

ISAB. Beſides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

MARI. I would, friar Peter—

ISAB. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. PETER. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the duke,
He ſhall not paſs you: Twice have the trumpets ſounded;
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A publick Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA (*veil'd,*) ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a diſtance.*
Enter at oppoſite doors, DUKE, VARRIUS, LORDS; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, OFFICERS, *and* CITIZENS.

DUKE. My very worthy couſin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.

ANG. and ESCAL. Happy return be to your royal grace!

DUKE. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. O, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the ſubject ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Eſcalus;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;—
And good ſupporters are you.

Peter and Isabella come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Juſtice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid!
O worthy prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice! [brief:

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be
Here is lord Angelo ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:

She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Isab. By courſe of juſtice!

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Isab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak:
That Angelo's forſworn; is it not ſtrange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not ſtrange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in the infirmity of ſenſe.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
In all his dreſſings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality: but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
And hide the falſe, ſeems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.—What would you ſay?

Isab. I am the ſiſter of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the meſſenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for yourſelf, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

DUKE. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.

ISAB. Pardon it;
The phraſe is to the matter.

DUKE. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

ISAB. In brief,—to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length,) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and, after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

DUKE. This is moſt likely!

ISAB. O, that it were as like, as it is true!

DUKE. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour,
In hateful practice: Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh:—next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

ISAB. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,

Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven ſhield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To priſon with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be a practice.
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? This a good friar belike!
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that friar
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Bleſſed be your royal grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that ſhe ſpeaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet

Did, as he vouches, miſreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it. [ſelf;
F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear him-
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever: Upon his mere requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To ſpeak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenſoever he's convented. Firſt, for this woman;
(To juſtify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,)
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.
Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[*Isabella is carried off, guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*
Do you not ſmile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us ſome ſeats.—Come, couſin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cauſe.—Is this the witneſs, friar?
Firſt, let her ſhow her face; and, after, ſpeak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not ſhow my face,
Until my huſband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had ſome cauſe To prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs I ne'er was married; And, I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid: I have known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not, That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, 'would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord: She, that accuſes him of fornication, In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband; And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time, When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms, With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your huſband.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord, and that is Angelo, Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body, But knows, he thinks, that he knows Iſabel's.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe:—Let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk. [*Unveiling.*

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Iſabel,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe,
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And, five years ſince, there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was diſvalued
In levity: ſince which time, of five years,
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gone, in his garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but ſmile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,

That ſets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.—
Thou fooliſh friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compáct with her that's gone! think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Though they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation?—You, lord Eſcalus,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your provoſt knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly,— [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit. Duke.*]
Signior Lucio, did not you ſay, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: honeſt in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villainous ſpeeches of the duke.

Escal. We ſhall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them againſt him: we ſhall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that ſame Iſabel here once again ; [*To an Attendant.*] I would ſpeak with her : Pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion ; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, ſir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe would ſooner confeſs ; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſhamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* Isabella; *the* Duke, *in the Friar's habit, and* Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way ; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, miſtreſs ; [*To Isabella.*] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of; here with the provoſt.

Escal. In very good time :—ſpeak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, ſir: Did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord Angelo ? they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Escal. How ! know you where you are ?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place ! and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne :—
Where is the duke ? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Escal. The duke's in us ; and we will hear you ſpeak : Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt :—But, O, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox ?

Good night to your redreſs. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
To accuſe this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himſelf;
To tax him with injuſtice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpoſe:—What! unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke
Dare no more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the ſtate! Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior Lucio?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon, in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you ſo? And do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, ſir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, ſir? And was the duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, ſir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, ſpoke ſo of him; and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke, as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with him to priſon:—Where is the provoſt?—Away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more:—Away with thoſe giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*

Duke. Stay, ſir; ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, ſir; come, ſir; come, ſir; foh, ſir: Why, you bald-pated, lying raſcal! you muſt be hooded, muſt you? Show your knave's viſage, with a pox to you! ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off? [*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and diſcovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er made a duke.—

Firſt, Provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three:——

Sneak not away, ſir; [*To Lucio.*] for the friar and you

Muſt have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down.—
[*To Escalus.*
We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:
[*To Angelo.*
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou haſt,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes: Then, good prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame,
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion;
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which conſummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, Provoſt.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, Iſabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advértiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attorney'd at your ſervice.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd

Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Iſabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him ſo be loſt: O, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For Mariana's ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill *for Meaſure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee 'vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte;—
Away with him.

Mari. O, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a huſband!
Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband:
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Although by confiſcation they are ours,
We do inſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.
Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but loſe your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, ſir, [*To Lucio.*] to you.
Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Iſabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you ſervice.
Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do impórtune her:
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet Iſabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing, I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my huſband.
O, Iſabel! will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Moſt bounteous ſir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die: My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provoſt, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have died,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'ſt done ſo by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord Angelo, have ſtill appear'd,

Should ſlip ſo groſsly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure:
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deſerving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:——Friar, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
That ſhould have died when Claudio loſt his head;
As like almoſt to Claudio, as himſelf. [*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To* ISABELLA.] for
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely ſake, [his ſake
Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks, I ſee a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, ſirrah, [*To* LUCIO.] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an aſs, a madman;

Wherein have I ſo deſerved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, Provoſt, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a whore! Your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her.
Thy ſlanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.—
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care, and ſecrecy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itſelf.—Dear Iſabel,

I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's, and what is yours is mine:—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.

[*Exeunt.*

MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

Perſons repreſented.

Don Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon.
Don John, *his baſtard brother.*
Claudio, *a young lord of* Florence, *favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young lord of* Padua, *favoured likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Leonato, *governor of* Meſſina.
Antonio, *his brother.*
Balthazar, *ſervant to Don* Pedro.
Borachio, Conrade, } *followers of Don* John.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

Hero, *daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

Meſſengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Meſſina.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Before LEONATO's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and Others, with a* MESSENGER.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Meſſina.

Meſs. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſs. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath beſtowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Meſs. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Meſſina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhow itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs: There are no faces truer than thoſe that are ſo waſhed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is ſignior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Hero. My couſin means ſignior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in Meſſina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, ſubſcribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in theſe wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promiſed to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax ſignior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good ſervice, lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Mess. And a good ſoldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; ſtuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo, indeed; he is no leſs than a ſtuffed man: but for the ſtuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt ſignior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: ſo that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Mess. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I ſee, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is moſt in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Balthazar and Others; Don John, Claudio, and Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good ſignior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but, when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, ſir, that you aſk'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herſelf:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If ſignior Leonato be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders, for all Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick? Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall 'ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue; and ſo good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the ſum of all: Leonato,—ſignior Claudio, and ſignior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my lord, you ſhall not be forſworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of ſignior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgement? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, ſpeak in ſober judgement.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe: only this commendation I can afford her; that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkeſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likeſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her couſin, an ſhe were not poſſeſſed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of May doth the laſt of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn huſband; have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, though I had ſworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion? Shall I never ſee a bachelor of threeſcore again? Go to, i'faith;

an thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to ſeek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. PEDRO. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would conſtrain me to tell.

D. PEDRO. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how ſhort his anſwer is:—With Hero, Leonato's ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

D. PEDRO. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. PEDRO. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. PEDRO. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

D. PEDRO. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me: Becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do myſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe, for the ſign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the ſhoulder, and call'd Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try:
In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may; but if ever the ſenſible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire*, let them ſignify under my ſign,—*Here you may ſee Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not ſpent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good ſignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage; and ſo I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my houſe, (if I had it,)—

D. Pedro. The ſixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ère you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience; and ſo I leave you. [*Exit Benedick.*

Claud. My liege, your highneſs now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any ſon, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair Hero, cheriſh it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity:
Look, what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine:
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my couſin, your ſon? Hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſy about it. But, brother, I can tell you ſtrange news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them; but they have a good cover, they ſhow well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince diſcovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him yourſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itſelf:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several perſons croſs the ſtage.*] Couſins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will uſe your ſkill:—Good couſins, have a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another Room in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the goujere, my lord! why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

D. John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Con. You ſhould hear reaſon.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou ſay'ſt thou

art) born under Saturn, goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf: it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man, it muſt not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am truſted with a muzzle, and enfranchiſed with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

D. John. I make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſ-

chief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper ſquire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoking a muſty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in ſad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way: You are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and Others.

Leon. Was not count John here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half ſignior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in ſignior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe is too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, *God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns;* but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a huſband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is leſs than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a

man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take ſixpence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and ſay, *Get you to heavēn, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* ſo deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he ſhows me where the bachelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To Hero*] I truſt, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my couſin's duty to make courteſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe you:*—but yet for all that, couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another courteſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's ſons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meaſure, and

a cinque-pace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding, mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure full of ſtate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, till he ſink into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and Others, maſk'd.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, eſpecially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

D. Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

D. Pedro. My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love. [*Takes her aſide.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own ſake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight, when the dance is done!—Anſwer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are ſignior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itſelf? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales;*—Well, this was ſignior Benedick that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why he is the prince's jeſter: a very dull fool; only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaſeth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat

him: I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing ſaved, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. [*Muſick within.*] We muſt follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you ſignior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of Benedick,
But hear theſe ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain ſo;—the prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an uſurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? You muſt wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into ſedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, becauſe I am merry.—Yea; but ſo; I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed: it is the baſe, the bitter diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. PEDRO. Now, ſignior, where's the count? Did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. PEDRO. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhows it his companion, and he ſteals it.

D. PEDRO. Wilt thou make a truſt a tranſgreſſion? The tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf; and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who, as I take it, have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

D. PEDRO. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

D. PEDRO. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſuſed me paſt the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the prince's jeſter; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible

conveyance, upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me: She ſpeaks poniards, and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar. I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he tranſgreſs'd: ſhe would have made Hercules have turn'd ſpit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither; ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, *and* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the Antipodes, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the fartheſt inch of Aſia; bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embaſſage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God, ſir, here's a diſh I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have loſt the heart of ſignior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for his ſingle one:

marry, once before, he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your grace may well ſay, I have loſt it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and ſomething of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myſelf for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, couſin; or, if you cannot, ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let not him ſpeak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps

on the windy ſide of care:—My couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a huſband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your grace is too coſtly to wear every day:—But, I beſeech your grace, pardon me; I was born to ſpeak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danced, and under that was I born.—Couſins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit Beatrice.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps; and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs, and waked herſelf with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon. O, by no means; ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themſelves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſevennight; and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time ſhall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring ſignior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my lord, to help my couſin to a good huſband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far can I praiſe him; he is of a noble ſtrain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will ſo practice on Benedick, that, in deſpite of his quick wit and his queaſy ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with Bea-

trice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another Room in LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. JOHN. It is ſo; the count Claudio ſhall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can croſs it.

D. JOHN. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my lord; but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

D. JOHN. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordſhip, a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. JOHN. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. JOHN. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as Hero.

D. JOHN. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other iſſue?

D. John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, —that you have diſcover'd thus. They will ſcarcely believe this without trial: offer them inſtances; which ſhall bear no leſs likelikood, than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that Hero ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth of Hero's diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be you conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

D. John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, ſir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: And ſuch a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wiſe; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God. Ha! the prince and monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himſelf?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the muſick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter Balthazar, with muſick.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that ſong again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, ſing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks;
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting! [*Muſick.*

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his ſoul raviſh'd!—Is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps' guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies?—Well a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balthazar ſings.

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore;
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo,
But let them go,

And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leavy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

D. PEDRO. By my troth, a good ſong.

BALTH. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Ha? no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

BENE. [*Aſide.*] An he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. PEDRO. Yea, marry; [*To CLAUDIO.*]—Doſt thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

BALTH. The beſt I can, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Do ſo: farewell. [*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and muſick.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with ſignior Benedick?

CLAUD. O, ay:—Stalk on, ſtalk on; the fowl ſits. [*Aſide to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

LEON. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on ſignior Benedick, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection,—it is paſt the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhows ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will ſit you,—
You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt Benedick.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aſide.*

D. Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and ſwears ſhe never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; ſo your daughter ſays: *Shall I*, ſays ſhe, *that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found Benedick and Beatrice between the ſheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: *I meaſure him*, ſays ſhe, *by my own ſpirit; for I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes;—*O ſweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter ſays ſo: and the ecſtaſy hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid ſhe will do a deſperate outrage to herſelf; It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

D. Pedro. An he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent ſweet lady; and, out of all ſuſpicion, ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other reſpects, and made her

half myſelf: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks ſurely, ſhe will die: for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not; and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will 'bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wiſe.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhow ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I aſſure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a moſt chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And ſo will he do; for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your niece: Shall we go ſeek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible; ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your

daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy ſo good a lady.

LEON. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

CLAUD. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

D. PEDRO. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her; and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The ſport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be merely a dumb ſhow. Let us ſend her to call him in to dinner. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*

BENEDICK advances from the Arbour.

BENE. This can be no trick: The conference was ſadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited. I hear how I am cenſured: they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection. —I did never think to marry:—I muſt not ſeem proud: —Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous;—'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the

brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I ſhould live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, ſhe's a fair lady: I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage?

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no ſtomach, ſignior, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to ſay, Any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. LEONATO's *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There ſhalt thou find my couſin Beatrice
Propoſing with the Prince and Claudio:
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and Urſula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe

Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it:—there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our propoſe: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, preſently.
[*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Urſula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearſay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Urſula, ſhe is too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you ſure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo entirely?

Hero. So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice:
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſpriſing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urs. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with: One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoiſon liking.

Urs. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgement,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have,) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedick,

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; ſignior Benedick,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—

When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;
I'll ſhow thee ſome attires; and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow. [madam.

Urs. She is lim'd I warrant you; we have caught her,

Hero If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, ſome with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

Beatrice advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhow a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ſtring, and the little

hangman dare not ſhoot at him: he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

BENE. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEON. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

CLAUD. I hope, he be in love.

D. PEDRO. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, he wants money.

BENE. I have the tooth-ach.

D. PEDRO. Draw it.

BENE. Hang it!

CLAUD. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

D. PEDRO. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach?

LEON. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

BENE. Well, Every one can maſter a grief, but he that has it.

CLAUD. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

D. PEDRO. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waiſt downward, all ſlops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

CLAUD. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns: he bruſhes his hat o'-mornings: What ſhould that bode?

D. PEDRO. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

CLAUD. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet: Can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, The ſweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a luteſtring, and now governed by ſtops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in deſpite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She ſhall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old ſignior, walk aſide with me; I have ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo: Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God ſave you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it pleaſe you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for, what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your Lordſhip to be married to-morrow? [*To Claudio.*

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even ſhe; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Diſloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhow you enough; and when you have ſeen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

D. John. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the iſſue ſhow itſelf.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, ſir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bleſſed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, ſir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's ſubjects:—You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is moſt tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only, have a care that your bills be not ſtolen:—Well, you are to call at all the alehouſes, and bid thoſe that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are ſober;

if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, ſir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhow himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, conſtable, are to preſent the prince's own perſon; if you meet the prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't, with any man that knows the ſtatues, he may ſtay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to

offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, maſters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counſels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge: let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours: I pray you, watch about ſignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigitant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a ſcab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aſide.*] Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thouſand ducats.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villainy ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villainy ſhould be ſo rich; for when rich villains

have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhows, thou art unconfirm'd: Thou knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the faſhion.

Con. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh! I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool. But ſee'ſt thou not what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this ſeven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſomebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? ſometime, faſhioning them like Pharaoh's ſoldiers in the reechy painting; ſometime, like god Bel's prieſts in the old church window; ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules in the ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece ſeems as maſſy as his club?

Con. All this I ſee; and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good-night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the

prince, Claudio, and my maſter, planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſſed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he ſaw over-night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable: We have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Maſters, maſters,—

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Maſters,—

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe men's bills.

Con. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Urſula, wake my couſin, Beatrice, and deſire her to riſe.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit Ursula.*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the Ducheſs of Milan's gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with ſilver; ſet with pearls, down ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves, and ſkirts round, underborne with a bluiſh tinſel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not aſhamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay, ſaving your reverence,—*a huſband:* an bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a huſband?* None, I think, an it be the right huſband, and the right wife;

otherwiſe 'tis light, and not heavy: Aſk my lady Beatrice elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love;* that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll ſee, he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow? [deſire.

Marg. Nothing I; but God ſend every one their heart's

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuff'd; couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profeſs'd apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have ſome moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedict was ſuch another, and now is he become a man: he ſwore he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, ſignior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another Room in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, ſir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, ſir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, ſir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, ſir, ſpeaks a little off the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, honeſt, as the ſkin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, ſir, our watch to-night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meſſina.

Dogb. A good old man, ſir; he will be talking; as they ſay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to ſee!—Well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; An two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind:—An honeſt ſoul, i'faith, ſir; by

my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worſhipp'd: All men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you,

Dogb. One word, ſir: our watch, ſir, have, indeed, comprehended two aſpicious perſons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination theſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*Touching his forehead.*] ſhall drive ſome of them to a *non com:* only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The inſide of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain

form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoined, I charge you, on your ſouls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then ſome be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here:
O, what authority and ſhow of truth

Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhows? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—— [her,

Claud. I know what you would ſay; If I have known
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the 'forehand ſin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhow'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?

Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it:
You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why ſpeak not you?

D. Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is ſo; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beſet!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am ſorry you muſt hear; Upon mine honour,
Myſelf, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be ſpoke of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counſels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero ſwoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, couſin? wherefore ſink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'ſt not quickly die,

Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates;
Who ſmirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have ſaid, *No part of it is mine,*
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe—O, ſhe is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Bene. Sir, ſir, be patient:
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until laſt night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,

And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions ſtart
Into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wiſdoms be miſled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the baſtard,

Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find, awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that, dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find

The virtue, that poſſeſſion would not ſhow us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he ſhall hear ſhe died upon his words,
The idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed:—then ſhall he mourn,
(If ever love had intereſt in his liver,)
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her
(As beſt befits her wounded reputation,)
In ſome reclufive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly, and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well conſented; preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.
[*Exeunt* FRIAR, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

BENE. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEAT. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENE. I will not deſire that.

BEAT. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

BENE. Surely, I do believe your fair couſin is wrong'd.

BEAT. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me, that would right her!

BENE. Is there any way to ſhow ſuch friendſhip?

BEAT. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

BENE. May a man do it?

BEAT. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENE. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; Is not that ſtrange?

BEAT. As ſtrange as the thing I know not: It were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am ſorry for my couſin.

BENE. By my ſword, Beatrice, thou loveſt me.

BEAT. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

BENE. I will ſwear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that ſays, I love not you.

BEAT. Will you not eat your word?

BENE. With no ſauce that can be deviſed to it: I proteſt, I love thee.

BEAT. Why then, God forgive me!

BENE. What offence, ſweet Beatrice?

BEAT. You have ſtaid me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I loved you.

BENE. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accuſation, uncovered ſlander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-confect; a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men

are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it:—I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you: By this hand, Claudio ſhall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, ſo think of me. Go, comfort your couſin: I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead; and ſo, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Priſon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* Conrade *and* Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner. [examine.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before maſter conſtable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.——Yours, ſirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, ſir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—maſter gentleman Conrade.—Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, ſir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they ſerve God—and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains!—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves; and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly. How anſwer you for yourſelves?

Con. Marry, ſir, we ſay we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eſteſt way:—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuſe theſe men.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Maſter conſtable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtolen away; Hero was in this manner accuſed, in this very manner refuſed, and upon the grief of this, ſuddenly died.—Maſter conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and ſhow him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in band.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the ſexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them: ——Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an aſs!—but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be proved upon thee by good witneſs. I am a wiſe fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in Meſſina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fel-

low that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an aſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before LEONATO'S *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine,
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard;
Cry—ſorrow, wag! and hem, when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man: For, brother, men
Can counſel, and ſpeak comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,

Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel:
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEON. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

ANT. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

LEON. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon: nay, I will do ſo:
My ſoul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

ANT. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, haſtily.

D. PEDRO. Good den, good den.

CLAUD. Good day to both of you.

LEON. Hear you, my lords,—

D. PEDRO. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.

LEON. Some haſte, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you ſo haſty now?—well, all is one.

D. PEDRO. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

ANT. If he could right himſelf with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

CLAUD. Who wrongs him?

LEON. Marry,

Thou, thou doſt wrong me; thou diſſembler, thou :—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me:
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child;
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes buried with her anceſtors:
O! in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I ſay.

D. Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canſt thou ſo daff me? Thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one firſt;—
Win me and wear me,—let him anſwer me:—

Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourſelf: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milkſops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And ſhall,
Or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, ſee; here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, ſignior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, ſignior: You are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'ſt thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour. I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale:—Art thou ſick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it againſt me:—I pray you, chooſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jeſt not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardice. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feaſt? a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou had'ſt a fine wit; *True*, ſays ſhe, *a fine little one: No*, ſaid I, *a great wit; Right*, ſays ſhe, *a great groſs one: Nay*, ſaid I, *a good wit; Juſt*, ſaid ſhe, *it hurts nobody: Nay*, ſaid I, *the gentleman is wiſe; Certain*, ſaid ſhe, *a wiſe gentleman: Nay*, ſaid I, *he hath the tongues; That I believe*, ſaid ſhe, *for he ſwore a thing to me on Monday night, which he foreſwore on Tueſday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues.* Thus did ſhe, an hour together, tranſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D. Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour: you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you: I muſt diſcontinue your company: your brother, the baſtard, is fled from Meſſina: you have, among you, kill'd a ſweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I ſhall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[*Exit Benedick.*

D. Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

D. Pedro. But, ſoft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be ſad! Did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, ſir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance: nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, ſir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjuſt things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why are they committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reaſoned, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don John your brother incenſed me to ſlander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you diſgraced her, when you ſhould marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame: the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and, briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd ſignior Leonato of the matter: And maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter ſignior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath haſt kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: Chooſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin: yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

D. Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in Meſſina here
How innocent ſhe died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble ſir,
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me;
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, ſir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembered in his puniſhment: And alſo, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they ſay, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath uſed ſo long, and never paid,

that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worſhip; which, I beſeech your worſhip, to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your worſhip; I wiſh your worſhip well; God reſtore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D. Pedro and Claudio.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living

ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit Margaret.*

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [Singing.]
That ſits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deſerve,—

I mean, in ſinging; but in loving,—Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over as my poor ſelf, in love: Marry, I cannot ſhow it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhime; for *ſcorn*, *born*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhime; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, nor I cannot woo in feſtival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'ſt thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then!

Beat. *Then*, is ſpoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſſed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſs'd.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit: But, I muſt tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love;* a good epithet! I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you ſpite it for my ſake, I will ſpite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion: there's not one wiſe man among twenty, that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is moſt expedient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf: So much for praiſing myſelf, (who, I myſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy,) and now tell me, How doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falſely accuſed, the prince and Claudio mightily abuſed; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, ſignior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III: The inſide of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with muſick and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a ſcroll.*]

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that died with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it.
Praiſing her when I am dumb.—
Now, muſick, ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite. [out:

D. Pedro. Good morrow, maſters; put your torches
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds.
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Urſula, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.

ANT. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well

BENE. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

LEON. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves;
And, when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To viſit me:—You know your office, brother;
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

ANT. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

BENE. Friar, I muſt entreat your pains, I think.

FRIAR. To do what, ſignior?

BENE. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good ſignior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

LEON. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis moſt true.

BENE. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEON. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince; But what's your will?

BENE. Your anſwer, ſir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the ſtate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I ſhall deſire your help.

LEON. My heart is with your liking.

FRIAR. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants.*

D. PEDRO. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.

LEON. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

CLAUD. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an Ethiop.

LEON. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.

D. PEDRO. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm, and cloudineſs?

CLAUD. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull:—
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at luſty Jove,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.

BENE. Bull Jove, ſir, had an amiable low;
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies maſk'd.*

CLAUD. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?

ANT. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.

CLAUD. Why, then ſhe's mine: Sweet, let me ſee your face.

LEON. No, that you ſhall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and ſwear to marry her.

CLAUD. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your huſband, if you like of me.

HERO. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[*Unmaſking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.

CLAUD. Another Hero?

HERO. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, ſurely as I live, I am a maid.
D. PEDRO. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
LEON. She died, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.
FRIAR. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.
BENE. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
BEAT. I anſwer to that name; [*Unmaſking.*] What is your will?
BENE. Do not you love me?
BEAT. No, no more than reaſon. [Claudio,
BENE. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and
Have been deceived; for they ſwore you did.
BEAT. Do not you love me?
BENE. No, no more than reaſon.
BEAT. Why, then my couſin, Margaret, and Urſula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear, you did.
BENE. They ſwore that you were almoſt ſick for me.
BEAT. They ſwore that you were well-nigh dead for me. [me?
BENE. 'Tis no ſuch matter:—Then, you do not love
BEAT. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
LEON. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.
CLAUD. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to Beatrice.
HERO. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion; and, partly, to ſave your life, for I was told you were in a conſumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.——

[*Kiſſing her.*

D. Pedro. How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: In brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſick.—Prince, thou art ſad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Meſſina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

Perſons repreſented.

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Lyſander, Demetrius, } *in love with* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Revels to* Theſeus.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snout, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolyta, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, a *Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, } *Fairies.*
Pyramus, *Thiſbe*, *Wall*, *Moonſhine*, *Lion*, } *Characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theſeus *and* Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* THESEUS. *Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, Philoſtrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my ſword,

And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theſeus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lyſander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lyſander, thou haſt given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n the impreſſion of her fantaſy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your grace
Conſent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.

The. What ſay you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father ſhould be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lyſander.
The. In himſelf he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgement look.
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed Demetrius.
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordſhip, whoſe unwiſhed yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

The. Take time to pauſe: and, by the next new moon,
(The ſealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.

Dem. Relent, ſweet Hermia;—And, Lyſander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lyſander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him;
And ſhe is mine; and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſs'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.

The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with Demetrius thought to have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,

My mind did loſe it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.—
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptial; and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns yourſelves.

Ege. With duty, and deſire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt Thes. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*

Lrs. How now, my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

Lrs. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth:
But, either it was different in blood;——

Her. O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lrs. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years;—

Her. O ſpite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lrs. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends:—

Her. O hell! to chooſe love by another's eye!

Lrs. Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to ſay,—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſs'd,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lrs. A good perſuaſion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child:
From Athens is her houſe remote ſeven leagues;
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp Athenian law
Cannot purſue us: If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obſervance to a morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good Lyſander!
I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow;
By his beſt arrow with the golden head;
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;—
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promiſe, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God ſpeed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-ſtars; and your tongue's ſweet air
More tunable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching; O, were favour ſo!
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill. [ſkill!

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. [mine!

Hel. None, but your beauty; Would that fault were

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lyſander ſee,
Seem'd Athens as a paradiſe to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold

Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers flights doth ſtill conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſel ſweet;
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies.
Farewel, ſweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lyſander: we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Herm.*

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit Lys.*

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not ſo;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taſte;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys in game themſelves forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from Hermia felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin. Here is the ſcroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and ducheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good Peter Quince, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of Pyramus and Thiſby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the ſcroll: Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom are ſet down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms, I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all ſplit.

" The raging rocks,
" With ſhivering ſhocks,
" Shall break the locks
" Of priſon-gates:
" And Phibbus' car
" Shall ſhine from far,
" And make and mar
" The fooliſh fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the reſt of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You muſt take Thiſby on you.

Flu. What is Thiſby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thiſby too: I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice;—*Thiſne, Thiſne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thiſby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you muſt play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thiſby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play Thiſby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myſelf, Thiſby's father; —Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke ſay, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the ducheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a ſweet-faced man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain

beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, maſters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearſe: for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely, and courageouſly. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-ſtrings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCENE I. A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy *at one door, and* Puck *at another.*

Puck. How now, ſpirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough buſh, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander ever where,
Swifter than the moones ſphere;
And I ſerve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be;
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;
Thoſe be rubies, fairy favours,

In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his ſight.
For Oberon is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild:
But ſhe, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn;
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Miſlead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jeſt to Oberon, and make him ſmile,

When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly foal:
And ſometime lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab;
And, when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
A merrier hour was never waſted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon. [gone!

Fai. And here my miſtreſs:—'Would that he were

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON, *at one door, with his train, and* TITANIA, *at another, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What jealous Oberon? Fairy, ſkip hence;
I have foreſworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, raſh wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I muſt be thy lady: But I know
When thou haſt ſtol'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of Corin ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of India?
But that, forſooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs, and your warrior love,
To Theſeus muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Obe. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theſeus?
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he raviſhed?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt:—
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air,
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound:
And, thorough this diſtemperature we ſee

The ſeaſons alter: hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet: The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you;
Why ſhould Titania croſs her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'reſs of my order:
And, in the ſpiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,
(Following her womb, then rich with my young 'ſquire,)
Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt;
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'reſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhow'd thee once;

The juice of it on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit Puck.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on buſy ape,)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is Lyſander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plaineſt truth

Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your ſpaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me,)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do ſee your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world:
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tiger: Bootleſs ſpeed!

When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luſh woodbine,
With ſweet muſk roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps Titania, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove:
A ſweet Athenian lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies

May be the lady: Thou ſhalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA with her train.

TITA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleep;
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

SONG.

1. *FAI. You ſpotted ſnakes, with double tongue,*
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2. *FAI. Weaving ſpiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd ſpinners, hence:

Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1. *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand ſentinel.

[*Exeunt* Fairies. *Titania ſleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,

[*Squeezes the flower on* Titania's *eye-lids.*

Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languiſh for his ſake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander *and* Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it ſo, Lyſander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.

Lys. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lyſander; for my ſake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.

Lys. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two boſoms interchained with an oath;

So then, two boſoms, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For, lying ſo, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to ſay, Lyſander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy
Lie further off; in human modeſty
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end!

Lrs. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his reſt!

Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſs'd!

[*They ſleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lie
Near this lack-love, kill courteſy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid

Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I muſt now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears:
If ſo, my eyes are oftener waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's ſphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lyſander! on the ground!
Dead? or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:—
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.
Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake.
[*Waking.*
Tranſparent Helena! Nature here ſhows art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, Lyſander; ſay not ſo:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia ſtill loves you: then be content.

Lrs. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier maid,
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon;
And touching now the point of human ſkill,
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good ſooth, you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*
Lrs. She ſees not Hermia:—Hermia, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come Lyſander near!
For, as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me!
And all my powers, addreſs your love and might,

To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*ſtarting.*] Help me, Lyſander, help me! do thy beſt,
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:—
Lyſander! what, remov'd? Lyſander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The ſame. The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep. Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thiſby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: to bring in, God ſhield us! a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect, —Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or, I would requeſt you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thiſby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay; or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then, there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thiſby, ſays the ſtory, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What ſay you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny ſhall Pyramus and Thiſby whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down, every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake; and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? [here,
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus;—Thiſby, ſtand forth.

Pyr. *Thiſby, the flowers of odious ſavours ſweet,—*

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. —— *odours ſavours ſweet:*
So doth thy breath, my deareſt Thiſby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!
[*aſide.—Exit.*

This. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you: for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant brier,
Moſt briſky juvenal, and eke moſt lovely Jew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an aſs's head.

This. O,—*As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. If I were fair, Thiſby, I were only thine:—

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted. Pray, maſters! fly, maſters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horſe I'll be, ſometime a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery: this is to make an aſs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ouſel-cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,
The plain-ſong cuckoo gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never ſo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek, upon occaſion.

Tita. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not deſire to go;
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.—
Peas-bloſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and Muſtard-ſeed!

Enter four FAIRIES.

1. *Fai.* Ready.

2. *Fai.* And I.

3. *Fai.* And I.

4. *Fai.* Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2. *Fai.* Hail!

3. *Fai.* Hail!

4. *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, heartily.—I beſeech, your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Peas. Peas-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs Squaſh, your mother, and to maſter Peaſcod, your father. Good maſter Peas-bloſſom, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beſeech you, ſir?

Mus. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good maſter Muſtard-ſeed, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your houſe: I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good maſter Muſtard-ſeed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my meſſenger.—How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great Theſeus' nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Who Pyramus preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An aſs's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thiſbe muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our ſtamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their ſenſe, thus weak, loſt with their fears, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel ſnatch;
Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats: from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet Pyramus tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs,)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraightway lov'd an aſs.

Obe. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping,—that is finiſh'd too,—

And the Athenian woman by his ſide;
That, when he wak'd, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand cloſe; this is the ſame Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke ye him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlain Lyſander in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping Hermia? I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou haſt murder'd him;
So ſhould a murderer look; ſo dead, ſo grim.

Dem. So ſhould the murder'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering ſphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyſander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcaſe to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my ſake;
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do ſo much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lyſander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to ſee me more.—
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*

Obe. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on ſome true-love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear:
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the Venus of the ſky.—
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!

Obe. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make,
Will cauſe Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh-holy fray!
Theſe vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two ſcales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, di-
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne? [vine!
Cryſtal is muddy. O, how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow,
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand: O let me kiſs
This princeſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs!
Hel. O ſpite! O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courteſy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join, in ſouls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo;
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterpriſe,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your deriſion! none, of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a virgin; and extort
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not ſo;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.

Dem. Lyſander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not ſo.

Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyſander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?

Lys. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?

Her. What love could preſs Lyſander from my ſide?

Lys. Lyſander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpite of me.
Injurious Hermia! moſt ungrateful maid!
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd

To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we too have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters' vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days' friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem:
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lyſander
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,

And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.
Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, perſéver, counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or abſence, ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat;
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, ſir:—he will
Seem to break looſe; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent. [looſe;
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? What change is
Sweet love? [this,
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, 'ſooth; and ſo do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lys. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyſander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me;
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-bloſſom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? What, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her, Puppet! why ſo? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures, ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak;
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not ſtrike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lyſander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; ſhe ſhall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, ſir; ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd:
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
And, though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-graſs made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone; ſpeak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhow of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.

Lys. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now, follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Or thine or mine, is moſt in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*

Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coil is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay.

[*Exit, purſuing Helena.*

Obe. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And ſo far am I glad it ſo did ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.

Obe. Thou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyſander ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then cruſh this herb into Lyſander's eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to Athens ſhall the lovers wend,
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view: and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,

And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leaſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully themſelves exile from light,
And muſt for aye comfort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning's love have oft made ſport;
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the eaſtern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit Obe.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? ſpeak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee ſtraight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander! ſpeak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In ſome buſh? Where doſt thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip the with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he his gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou ſhow me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this ſpite.

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why, com'ſt thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt; for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here. [dear,

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhalt buy this
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee:
Now, go thy way. Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be viſited.

[*Lies down and ſleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: ſhine, comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,

From theſe that my poor company deteſt:—
And, ſleep, that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt, and ſad:—
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me, till the break of day.
Heavens ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep found;
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*
When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown:
Jack ſhall have Jill;
Nought ſhall go ill;
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all ſhall be well.
[*Exit* PUCK.—*Dem.* HEL. *&c. ſleep.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, FAIRIES *attending;* OBERON *behind unſeen.*

Tita. Come, ſit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-bloſſom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-bloſſom.—Where's monſieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur Cobweb; good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior.—Where's monſieur Muſtard-ſeed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monſieur Muſtard-ſeed. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good monſieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or, ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honeyſuekle,
Gently entwiſt,—the female ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They ſleep.*

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'ſt thou this ſweet [ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child;
Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her fairy ſent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this Athenian ſwain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the fairy queen.
Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my ſweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came theſe things to paſs?
O, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!
Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep, of all theſe five the ſenſe.
Tita. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, muſick. [*Still muſick.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, ſolemnly,
Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,

And bleſs it to all fair poſterity:
There ſhall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theſeus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the night's ſhade:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns ſound within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, *and Train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the foreſter;—
For now our obſervation is perform'd:
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the weſtern valley; go:—
Deſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded; and their heads are hung

With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly: [theſe?
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.—
But, ſpeak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.
Horns, and ſhout within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, and Helena wake and ſtart up.
The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is paſt;
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.
[*He and the reſt kneel to Theseus.*
The. I pray you all, ſtand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half 'ſleep, half waking: But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,—

And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

EGE. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the ſnow, ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I ſaw Hermia:
But, like in ſickneſs, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,

Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, *Hippolyta*, EGEUS, *and Train.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer: —my next is, *Moſt fair Pyramus.*——Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! ſtolen hence, and left me aſleep! I have had a moſt rare viſion. I have had a dream,—paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: Man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue

to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it ſhall be call'd Bottom's Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Athens. A Room in QUINCE'S *Houſe.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you ſent to Bottom's houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to diſcharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too: and he is a very paramour, for a ſweet voice.

Flu. You muſt ſay, paragon: a paramour is, God bleſs us! a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Maſters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O ſweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcaped ſix-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him ſix-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deſerv'd it: ſix-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any caſe, let Thiſby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws. And, moſt dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The ſame. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange, my Theſeus, that theſe lovers ſpeak of.

The. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antique fables, nor theſe fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But, howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and freſh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us.
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what maſks, what dances ſhall we
To wear away this long age of three hours, [have,
Between our after-ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?

Call Philoſtrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theſeus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What maſk? what muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many ſports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highneſs will ſee firſt.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. reads.] *the battle with the Centaurs, to be ſung*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.
The riot of the tipſy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three muſes mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is ſome ſatire, keen, and critical,
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous ſtrange ſnow.
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit* Philostrate.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome: Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So pleaſe your grace, the prologue is addreſt

The. Let him approach. [*Flouriſh of Trumpets*

Enter PROLOGUE.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To ſhow our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpite,
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lrs. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue like a child on a recorder; a ſound, but not in government.

The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb ſhow.*

Prol. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow;
" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain,

" This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
" This beauteous lady Thiſby is, certain.
" This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
" Wall, that vile wall which did theſe lovers ſunder:
" And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are con-
" tent
" To whiſper; at the which let no man wonder.
" This man, with lantern, dog, and buſh of thorn,
" Preſenteth moon-ſhine: for, if you will know,
" By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
" To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
" This griſly beaſt, which by name lion hight,
" The truſty Thiſby, coming firſt by night,
" Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
" And, as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain:
" Anon comes Pyramus, ſweet youth, and tall,
" And finds his truſty Thiſby's mantle ſlain:
" Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt;
" And, Thiſby tarrying in mulberry ſhade,
" His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
" Let lion, moonſhine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* PROL. THISBE, LION, *and* MOONSHINE.

THE. I wonder if the lion be to ſpeak. [aſſes do.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many

WALL. " In this ſame interlude, it doth befall,
" That I, one Snout by name, preſent a wall:
" And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thiſby,
" Did whiſper often very ſecretly,

" This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone, doth ſhow
" That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo:
" And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper."

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. " O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
" O night, which ever art, when day is not!
" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
" I fear my Thiſby's promiſe is forgot!—
" And thou, O wall, O ſweet, O lovely wall,
" That ſtand'ſt between her father's ground and mine;
" Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
" Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
" Thanks, courteous wall: Jove ſhield thee well for this!
" But what ſee I? No Thiſby do I ſee.
" O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs;
" Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is Thiſby's cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. " O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
" For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
" My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
" Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. " I ſee a voice: now will I to the chink,
" To ſpy an I can hear my Thiſby's face.
" Thiſby!"

This. " My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
" And like Limander am I truſty ſtill."

This. " And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. " Not Shafalus to Procrus was ſo true."

This. " As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. " O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. " I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. " Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me ſtraightway?"

This. " Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. " Thus have I, wall, my part diſcharged ſo;
" And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the fillieſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worſe of them, than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. " You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
" The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
" When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

" A lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:
" For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us liſten to the moon.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent:"

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent;
" Myſelf the man i'th'moon do ſeem to be."

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt: the man ſhould be put into the lantern: How is it elſe the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes Thiſbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—." [*The Lion roars. Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thiſbe.

Hip. Well ſhone, moon.—Truly, the moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And ſo comes Pyramus.

Lrs. And then the moon vaniſhes.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
"I thank thee, moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
"I truſt to taſte of trueſt Thiſby's ſight.
"But ſtay;—O ſpite!
"But mark;—Poor knight,
"What dreadful dole is here?
"Eyes, do you ſee?
"How can it be?
"O dainty duck! O dear!
"Thy mantle good,
"What, ſtain'd with blood?
"Approach, ye furies fell!
"O fates! come, come;
"Cut thread and thrum;
"Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell!"

The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. " O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou lions frame?
" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
" Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with cheer.
" Come, tears, confound;
" Out, ſword, and wound
" The pap of Pyramus:
" Ay, that left pap,
" Where heart doth hop:—
" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
" Now am I dead,
" Now am I fled;
" My ſoul is in the ſky:
" Tongue, loſe thy light!
" Moon, take thy flight!
" Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies. Exit* MOONSHINE.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a ſurgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance moonſhine is gone, before Thiſbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by ſtar-light.—Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a Pyramus: I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thiſbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet*.——

This. " Aſleep, my love?

" What, dead, my dove?
" O Pyramus, ariſe,
" Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
" Dead, dead? A tomb
" Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
" Theſe lily brows,
" This cherry noſe,
" Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone:
" Lovers, make moan!
" His eyes were green as leeks.
" O ſiſters three,
" Come, come, to me,
" With hands as pale as milk;
" Lay them in gore,
" Since you have ſhore
" With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
" Tongue, not a word:—
" Come, truſty ſword;
" Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
" And farewel, friends;—
" Thus Thiſby ends:
" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonſhine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomaſk dance, between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himſelf in

Thiſbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly; and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Bergomaſk: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt fairy time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſk fordone.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:

I am ſent, with broom, before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

Obe. Through this houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſy fire:
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. Firſt, rehearſe this ſong by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

SONG, and DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate.
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace:
E'er ſhall it in ſafety reſt,

And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away;
Make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

PUCK. *If we ſhadows have offended,*
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend,
And, as I'm an honeſt Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exit.*

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

SEP 26 1983